STORY OF THE

CHEROKEE BIBLE

GEO. E. FOSTER.

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THE WORCESTER SOCIETY
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Mrs George M. Houghton
Worcester

STORY OF

THE

CHEROKEE BIBLE.

AN ADDRESS,

WITH ADDITIONAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,
DELIVERED BEFORE THE MEETING OF
THE LADIES' MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF
THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH, ITHACA, N. Y.,
FEB. 5, 1897.

BY GEO. E. FOSTER.

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ITHACA, N. Y.

TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER,
WHOSE DELIGHT HAS EVER BEEN
TO TRACE THE WAYS OF GOD'S
PROVIDENCES, THIS STORY OF THE
CHEROKEE BIBLE IS DEDICATED.

I had rather receive the blessing of one poor Cherokee, as he casts his last look back upon his country, for having, though in vain, attempted to prevent his banishment, than to sleep beneath the marble of all the Cæsars.—[Extract from a speech of the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, Senator from New Jersey, delivered in the Senate of the United States, April 7, 1830.]

CHEROKEE HISTORY SERIES.

BY GEO. E. FOSTER.

ITHACA, N. Y.

SE-QUO-YAH, THE AMERICAN CADMUS AND MODERN MOSES. Illustrated. 12 mo., pp 263. Philadelphia, 1885. Price $1.50.

LITERATURE OF THE CHEROKEES; ALSO BIBLIOGRAPHY AND STORY OF THEIR GENESIS. 12 mo., pp 100. Ithaca, N. Y., 1889. [Limited.] Price $1.00.

STORY OF THE CHEROKEE BIBLE. Illustrated. 12 mo., Ithaca, N. Y., 1897-9.

The following works relating to the Cherokees are nearly ready :—

STORY OF AN INDIAN TRIBE.

HISTORY OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

JOHN RIDGE, a Cherokee Romance.

A WORD OF INTRODUCTION.

Of all the wonderful things sprung from the brain of man, not one is greater than the invention of an alphabet. To make thought visible to the eye, what a miracle! The line between savagery and civilization is a line of letters.

Names like those of Cadmus, Kobo and Se-quo-yah shine like stars of the first magnitude in the zenith of human history. Honored forever, though unknown, are the "Great Unnamed" ones who, in the arrow-headed characters of Assyria, or the straight lines and circlets of India, made writing possible to the common people all over Asia—oldest of continents. Of all the alphabets on earth, the Korean and the Cherokee are reckoned, by expert judges, the most nearly perfect.

Several years ago, while studying the origins of alphabets and seeking data for the biography of their inventors, I became eager to

know exactly who the American Cadmus was. Could it be possible that an aboriginal red man could invent an alphabet? I could hardly believe such a feat possible. I searched for the life-history of this Cherokee maker of written signs, to learn whether this discoverer was a pure-blooded Indian, or, was he in part of white parentage?

Happily for me, I found, on my arrival in Ithaca—old home of the Cayugas, one tribe in the Iroquois Long House—a neighbor and later a parishoner who loved the Cherokees, had not only studied them in books but had visited them in their western home.

Mr. George E. Foster, author of this interesting volume now in your hands, is the biographer of Se-quo-yah, our American Cadmus, inventor of probably the most nearly perfect alphabet in the world. He has told of this Cherokee inventor and civilizer, this son of a German father and an Indian mother.

He who first writes, in sympathy, appreciation and with critical skill, the biography of a nation's leader, merits lasting praise and high honor. Gladly do I help to discharge part of my debt, as an American and a Christian, by penning these few lines of introduction. Under God, Se-quo-yah was the Pathfinder of the Cherokees, leading them into civilization.

Mr. Foster has been among the people whom he describes with such enthusiasm and

interest. He tells a good story. Though a Congregationalist in faith, through his New England inheritance, he is a true Catholic in temper and judicious award of praise, to the Spaniard, Cabeza de Vaca,—first white teacher of these red men—to the Roman Churchmen, to the German Moravians as well as to our own native-born American missionaries.

Nor are fun and wit, humor and pathos, apt quotation, anecdote and episode lacking in Mr. Foster's clear narrative. Like pebbles in an Indian trout stream—even our own sparkling Six Mile Creek, on which of old dwelt Iroquois fisher and hunter—and as numerous, are the many attractive bits of information on his pages or imbedded in his limited text.

Patriot and Christian, Sunday school teacher and pupil will be the better for knowing the story of the Cherokees, in all its phases. While grateful to Mr. Foster for entertaining and stimulating us, both with the living voice as a lecturer and in the types as author, I must congratulate the ladies on so successfully calling out in this form, the talents of our well-known Ithaca editor who so ably defends the Indian, championing his rights and exposing his wrongs.

It is a grand and glorious service, even to unlatch the shoes of such as Las Casas, John Eliot, Domine Megapolensis, Arendt Van

Curler, William Penn, and of such women as Isabella of Castile, Anne of England and Helen Hunt Jackson, to show how beautiful were the feet of those messengers who brought good tidings and published Christ's peace to the sons of the plain and the forest. This Mr. Foster has done.

May we all be stimulated to secure good law, the rights of man and the full privileges of citizens and Christians to our Indian brethren.

WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

Ithaca, N. Y.,
August 15, 1899.

PROLOGUE.

Whenever I take my pen to write, or when having occasion to speak about the Indians of our country, I first direct attention to the fact that there are two kinds of Indians—the good Indian and the bad. I further call attention to the fact that there are also two classes of white men, the good white men, and the bad white men. When called upon to compare the bad Indian with the bad white man, in order to be just, I declare the bad white man the meaner of the two, for it has been a characteristic of the Indian, when he knew the right, to do it. But, as a general thing, a bad white man knowing the right, fails to do it. Again, I desire to say, and I can say it truthfully, that there are not, nor have there been, so many bad Indians as the world supposes.

It happens that the bad Indian has been made most prominent in history because the land grabber and his paid politician could not get along without him. If there is a bill before Congress, the purport of which is to legalize a theft of Indian lands, the papers will be full of dispatches about murders by Indians, great Indian uprisings and massacres, but nine times out of ten, they are no more serious than street fights I have known in so-called cities of civilization. So I say to you, that I have nothing to do now or ever, with the bad Indian. The "bad Indian" has always been the chief stock in trade of the land-grabber and his paid politician.

It is true there have been Indian massacres. I wonder that there have not been more. God has given to man of every grade a love of home. He gave that love also to animals, birds, and even to serpents. The serpent will strike back if you invade his den, the wild animals protect their young, and the laws of every civilized nation give special protection to one's home. But in America, the boasted land of civilization, there has always been too little protection for Indian homes. If I were

an Indian, and a band of representatives of Christian civilization should scheme to deprive me of the home which I had built, and if I were driven further west, and compelled to leave a second or even a third home which I had made, I would want to scalp somebody, and I believe the good Lord in Heaven would forgive me for it, without my half-trying to be forgiven, just as I believe that he has blotted from his book of remembrance the penalty for many a massacre of Indians, and charged the same against the white men who were really the cause of these massacres.

In my study of Indian history, I am often amazed to note the means that have been used by the great Father of the universe in the accomplishment of his work. I have given much time to the study of all phases of thought, belief and life of that wonderful people the Cherokee Indians, and in this, "The Story of the Cherokee Bible," I trust that you will be so interested that you will catch the relation of one bit of history with another; watch to see how God has used small means, sometimes, to bring about mighty events; how a little thing done, or a trivial circum-

stance happening in one century has led to an important event after the lapse of many years; or how some occurrence of slightly apparent moment in one country has proved a mighty factor in bringing about a revolution in the lives of another people living thousands of miles away. Truly Cowper was right when he wrote those lines of a favorite hymn :—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

STORY OF THE CHEROKEE BIBLE.

I.

In following the chain of events leading to the Cherokee Bible, we must begin about three and three-fourths centuries in the past, for it was in the year 1528, that a band of Spaniards made an expedition into what is now called Florida. Nearly every one in this expedition perished miserably, but in the company was a young officer and a devout Catholic, who was providentially saved from disaster, and who spent eight years among the Southern Indians. The story of his adventures in Florida forms one of the most romantic narratives in modern history. I believe

that the presence of this man* in Southern Florida three centuries and a half ago, was the key to the mythology of those five tribes which we call civilized today. For, during his octave of years among them, he was looked upon by the Indians as divine. It concerns us very little today how this man spent his time during his eight years' sojourn among the Southern Indians, except as to this:—When he returned to Spain he wrote an account of what he had taught the Indians with whom he had dwelt, and, among other things, he stated that he had instructed them in the stories of Genesis. He also taught them the custom while worshiping, of bowing toward the rising sun, a habit found centuries after among the Cherokees and other tribes. Now, it is fair to claim, that to this man the Cherokees also owe their stories of the Genesis. It is interesting to note that about three hundred years after this man's sojourn among the Indians, some of our own missionaries were sent among the Cherokee Indians who were then located in Georgia and Tennessee, and

*Cabeza de Vacca.

they made a collection of religious traditions that were being told and retold by the appointed tribe story teller of the Cherokees. These narratives were found to so closely resemble the Genesis stories of the white man's Bible, that the missionaries were astonished, and when the collection of legends was sent to Andover Theological Seminary, they caused great discussion. All kinds of theories were advanced as to how it happened that these barbarous Indians had a knowledge of things that had been written by Moses, when no missionary had been among them, and the stories had not been translated into the Indian tongue. It is to be presumed that the somewhat cramped Andover Seminary had nothing in it about the life of this devout Catholic, who had taught these very stories three centuries before to the Florida Indians. Doubtless, too, these Andover Theologians had not made a study of tribal migrations. To one who knows the part which the old man, the tribe story teller, has had in handing down the happenings of their tribe, there is nothing strange that the new teachings of this sojourner among the Indians should have spread

rapidly. They were impressed with the idea that he was a Divinity, and when tribes mingled with tribes, the invasions of the pale faces and their conquests were fertile subjects of conversation. This story of this Divinity concerning creation, the flood and other traditions, spread from tribe to tribe, each tribe varying the details according to its own crude ideas. Thus the stories spread southward into Mexico, and northward to Tennessee. Thus it came to pass that the stories of our Genesis, after having been for years separately recorded by a notch on the old man's war club, or having been kept in remembrance by a peculiar shell or bead arrangement of a wampum belt, for three hundred years after having been given by this Catholic to the Southern Indians were finally collected as original by an early missionary to another tribe, which was located hundreds of miles from where they were first taught. When gathered together and proclaimed as original Cherokee, they probably brought more astonishment to the religious world than they did when they were originally given to the world by ancient Moses himself.

II.

There was a Providence in it that this devout Catholic and Spaniard was separated from his companions in Florida three and a half centuries ago. History tells us he came for pleasure and adventure, but in my brief reference to him, I trust you are able to see that his God-given mission was really to prepare the way for the Five (now) Civilized Tribes to receive gladly the teachings of the missionaries, who in after years were to bring the Gospel to them ; and when these missionaries did come, they expressed surprise at the interest that these children of the forest had in their Bible readings. Why not? The Bible narrative conformed both with these absorbed traditions and the war club traditions, or the stories of their own appointed story-teller, and they consequently were glad to know more. The point should not be

overlooked that whatever religious beliefs the Cherokees had for two hundred and twelve years, were solely due to this Spanish Catholic. And right here I desire to express appreciation of Catholic missionary work among the Indians. The Catholics have always been pioneers in missionary work among the red men. The Lord seems to have always used them to open the way for missionaries of biblical christianity. So with me thank God for the work of Roman Catholics in this field.

III.

The second era in Cherokee religious progress was Germanic or Moravian. The scene now changes, Spanish and Catholic influences still remain, but over in Germany, owing to religious persecution, a band of believers join themselves together for missionary work. For Christ's sake they resolve to labor in distant countries and among barbarous tribes. So it was in 1730 that the Moravians came over to America and began work among the Cherokees. At first they were not particularly successful. They looked upon the Cherokees as emissaries of Satan, and called them so. The letters which the Moravians sent back to their homes across the water spoke of the Indians as diabolical brutes. The Moravians taught these children of the forest the doctrine of endless punishment even more than they did the story of Christ's love.

They painted to the Indians the horrors of hell fire in all its old-fashioned literalness. The old man of the tribe was often consulted by the warriors of the Cherokees, but he had no notch cut in his war club indicating such a place. The new religion was looked upon with doubt. The Spanish Catholics, as I have told you, saw the good side of Indian life, and Catholic labors were crowned with success. The Moravians, for a long while, saw nothing good in the child of the forest and they failed in their work. And more than this, Moravian endeavors to propagate the gospel were frustrated for a while by Indian wars. During the first thirty years of their missionary labor in this country, they baptized only 720 Indians, some of whom were Cherokees. As a result of Moravian influence, the old man of the tribe added a notch in his war club in acknowledgment of the devil, whom he located in the setting sun, which was made the future dwelling place for all who in their lives had done iniquitously.

Patient, earnest labor in any good cause, will sooner or later bring its good results; so it proved in the case of the Moravian mission-

aries. Eighty-eight years had passed after they had begun their missionary work among the Cherokees, when they were one day treated to a great surprise. The Cherokees assembled together and held a school meeting. So far as I know it was the first time such a meeting was ever held by Indians. The object was to ask the Moravian missionaries to open schools for the benefit of their bright, young braves.* Even in this early day there were two political parties among the Cherokee Indians, the Upper and the Lower Cherokees. The Upper Cherokees voted for schools, and the Lower Cherokees voted against them.

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*The Moravians sent A. Steiner and Gottlieb Byhan to open these schools. The place was afterward called Spring Place. Spring Place was called the healthiest missionary station in North America.

IV.

Now, in quick succession follow a remarkable series of events, illustrating the wonderful way God takes to carry on his works. It should be borne in mind that when this cry went up for teachers, the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions had not been thought of, and the Moravian missions from across the ocean held the field.* Do not miss the point, that in the year 1798, when the Cherokee Indians of their own accord sent up that cry for help, and there were no American born missionaries to respond, there was that very year born in Worcester, Massachusetts, a man who was destined to be a life long missionary among the Cherokees. I refer to Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, who had much to do in after years in preparing for this

*See Holmes' Moravian Missions.

tribe a Bible and a hymn book. The wonderful story of Worcester's life may be summed up as follows:—Born while the Cherokees were still barbarians, he gave to them a Bible and hymn book, and started them on the growth to civilization. Marvelous to say, the best biography of this good man was written not long since by a Cherokee graduate* of the college of the Indian Territory that bears Worcester's name. As another striking instance of the mysterious ways of Providence, let me ask you to note that just about the time that Worcester saw the light in Massachusetts, there was born an Indian in the Cherokee country, who afterward invented one of the most wonderful alphabets the world has known. By it the intelligent members of the tribe could learn to read in three days. It was these letters, invented by this Indian, that enabled Worcester to translate the Holy Scriptures into the Cherokee language.†

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*Miss Nevada Couch, "Pages of Cherokee Indian History."

†The author is indebted to Rev. A. N. Chamberlin, of the Cherokee Nation, for the following letter which has never been in print concerning Se-

While these two boys, who were born, one in civilization, one in barbarism, were growing up, at the very time that the Cherokees asked for schools, the missionaries who had labored under so much discouragement from 1740 to 1798, were greatly prospered from 1798 to 1816, and at the latter date had some fine schools. We shall now follow the lives of these two boys to whom the Cherokees of to-day owe their high state of civilization. In

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quo-yah and his alphabet: "When Se-quo-yah was working at his alphabet, Captain John Benge furnished him writing material. After finishing his work, he and his son and daughter learned it, came west to the Cherokee Nation, then in Arkansas, induced persons to learn it, and write letters to friends east of the Mississippi, and had his daughter read them to the parties addressed. I was told by Wm. Griffin (now deceased) that the leading men assembled, placed Se-quo-yah and one of his sons at some distance from each other, and had them write sentences dictated to them, and having them carried by trusty messengers, had the writing of each read by the other, and in that manner tested the correctness of his claims. I suppose there were many tests imposed, and that the people were very sceptical. The alphabet has undergone few changes. One character was dropped

1815, Worcester was in college,* and Se-quo-yah, the Indian boy, was a leader in the chase and made rude Indian jewelry for his people. Just about the time that Worcester graduated from college in the East, Se-quo-yah, while on a chase in the Cherokee Nation, fell and broke his leg. He was ever afterwards a cripple. If he had not broken his leg, it is doubtful if the Cherokees would have had an alphabet of their own. At any rate, it was while he was laid up with that broken leg, that Se-quo-yah completed the invention of one of the most wonderful alphabets this world has known.† Note still another curious coin-

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when printing first commenced by this alphabet. There is one now not used. I find in counting through three chapters, (one in New and two in Old Testament) where 3671 letters are used, there are eight that do not occur at all, three only once, one twice, one four times and one five times, while there is one word 250 times. Only eleven characters were used over *one hundred* times. Se-quo-yah was a natural artist and drew nice pictures of animals. His son Tee-sy was noted for his yarns."

*Burlington (Vt.) University. Graduated from Andover Theological Seminary, 1823.

†The invention of the Cherokee alphabet is one

cidence. Worcester, near the close of his life, had a prolonged and painful illness; but, as long as he could use his pen, he kept translating the Bible into Cherokee, the while being obliged to lie in one position, and that prone, with face downward. The letters of the Cherokee alphabet are reminders of pain; and much of the Cherokee Bible was translated in hours of agony.

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of the most remarkable circumstances which has ever occurred in the history of the Indian tribes of America. The accomplishment of this among a people so little addicted to inventive study as the savages of our country, is truly astonishing and proclaims the author of it to be a person of no ordinary mind.—*Historical Collections of Georgia.*

V.

In 1806, while the Moravians were having their first marked successes in their Indian schools in the Indian Territory, a few young men in Andover, Massachusetts, Seminary, hundreds of miles away, while talking about the matter, felt that it was a shame that foreigners should any longer be the only missionaries among the American Indians. One result of that meeting, in 1806, was the beginning of what is now the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.* In

*The story of the origin of this society is graphically told in the memorial volume of the A, B, C, F, M :—"A boy overheard his mother say, that she had devoted him to the service of God as a missionary. * * * When this boy was converted his thoughts were immediately turned toward missions. He entered college, and in connection with his study of the geography of Asia the idea of a mission to that continent was suggested and re-

1816, after the Moravians had held the field for seventy-six years, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions began relieving the Moravians of their work. The next year the Baptists sent a missionary to that field, but their work did not practically begin until four years later.

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solved. * * * Five young men holding a prayer meeting in a grove, from whence they were driven by an approaching thunder shower, sought protection of a haystack, where one of them (Mills) proposed sending the gospel to the heathen. * * * "There were five young men from two of the lower classes of an infant college, in a place so secluded that no mail from any direction reaches it oftener than once a week from any one direction. They are seated by a haystack. Dark clouds are above them; but they heed not these, nor the quiet flash of lightning, nor the thunder echoing among the mountains; they are speaking of the moral darkness of Asia; they prepare to send the gospel thither, they say they can do it; they kneel together in prayer, and as they pray the heavens grow brighter and the dark clouds roll away."

Then a society was formed, the first foreign missionary society on this continent, the object of which was in the language of its constitution "to effect, in the person of its members, a mission to the heathen."

Note still another link in the chain. In 1817, the American Foreign Missionary Society started a school for educating youths from other lands at Cornwall, Connecticut; and to this school were sent several bright Cherokee boys, who had been found in the Moravian schools in 1816 in the Indian Territory.*

These Indian young men returned later to the Cherokee nation to help translate English into Cherokee.

It was a long while before the Cherokees were willing to accept Se-quo-yah's alphabet. I have been told that the chiefs of the nation, his neighbors, and even Se-quo-yah's own wife called him a fool (in Cherokee), for making all those strange marks on his paper. But at last he succeeded in convincing all of the

*The school began on May 1, 1817. The object was to educate foreign youth to become missionaries, schoolmasters, interpreters and physicians among heathen nations, and to communicate such information in agriculture and the arts, as should tend to promote Christianity and civilization. Mr. Edward W. Dwight, of Stockbridge, took charge of this school one year; Rev. Herman Daggett six years and then Rev. Amos Bassett had charge until the school disbanded in 1827.

reality of his inventions. His alphabet was accepted, and then he was declared from the Council House to be their great school master, prophet and chief, and one much favored of the Great Spirit. If you would know more of the life of that remarkable Indian, I refer you to my book "Se-quo-yah, the American Cadmus." But a page or two from the book I must introduce here to show his part in the evolution of the Cherokee Bible.

VI.

On February 21st, not three years after Sequo-yah had given the Cherokee alphabet to his people, an iron printing press of improved construction, and fonts of Cherokee and English type, together with the entire furniture for a printing office, were set up at New Echota, and the first copy of the Cherokee Phœnix was given to the world. It was the average size* of the newspapers of the day

*The sheet on which the Phœnix was printed was 16x24. It was the hope of the projectors of the Phœnix, that they could always publish one-fourth of the paper in Cherokee, but they often failed in this owing to the difficulties in translation from English into Cherokee and getting the copy into the Cherokee type. A copy of the Phœnix, Vol. I, No. 42, which I have, has less than two columns in Cherokee type. But an editorial gives as one reason, that they had necessity of sending out the Cherokee Laws in that number, several columns of which appear in English. See note.

and one-fourth of it was printed in the Se-quo-yah alphabet, and all this at the order of the Cherokees themselves. This printing press was the first one ever possessed by any of the aborigines of this continent. It was owned by a race of Indians who enjoyed the distinction of having one member of their tribe who had invented an alphabet;* the first in a period of more than a thousand years.

On the November following the February in which the first copy of the Phœnix was published, a missionary wrote that it was his opinion that at least three-fourths of the Cherokees could read or write in the new alphabet; and so it was that Se-quo-yah, by his alphabet, became the great enlightener of the Cherokee Indians.

Mr. John F. Wheeler, who was the first to set type in the Cherokee characters, gives an interesting account of the beginning of the Phœnix in the Indian Record, vol. 1, No. 6, from which I extract the following:

*The first five verses of Genesis in Cherokee language as they appeared in Missionary Herald, Vol. 23, p. 382, Dec., 1827, constitute probably the first actual printing in Se-quo-yah's alphabet.

We arrived at New Echota about the 23d of December, 1827. We found the press, type, etc., had not arrived, they having to be transferred from Augusta, Ga., in wagons, a distance of over 200 miles. We found the Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, a missionary under the American Board, with his family, and Elias Boudinot, the editor of the paper, with his family, at New Echota, both of whom had just removed there, and both intending to engage in the translation of the Scriptures into the Cherokee language, to be printed with the newly invented characters. Mr. Worcester had systematically arranged the characters, which can be better understood as something like the English ba, be, bi, bo, etc., using the Cherokee vowels at the head of each line. Mr. Worcester furnished Mr. Harris and myself with a copy written (for then there was no printing in the Cherokee language) to learn the alphabet. We had nothing to do for three or four weeks but to learn the alphabet, and it was more and more incomprehensible to us than Greek. For myself, I could not distinguish a single word in the talk of the Indians with each other, for it seemed to be a continuance of sounds. While we were waiting for the type and press it was ascertained that no printing paper had been ordered from Boston with the material. A two-horse wagon was procured and Harris started for Knoxville, where was a paper mill, for paper. He was gone about two weeks, when he returned with a sufficient supply of paper for the present

wants. At that time, 1828, paper was moulded, each sheet separate. This was the kind of paper on which the first number of the Phœnix was printed.

The press and type did not arrive until the latter part of January, 1828. While waiting we had devoted a portion of our time to learning the alphabet.

The house built for the printing-office was of hewed logs, about 30 feet long and 20 wide. The builders had cut out a log on each side 15 or 16 feet long, and about two and a half feet above the floor, in which they had made a sash to fit. This we had raised, because the light was below the cases. Stands had to be made, a bank, and cases for the Cherokee type. The latter was something entirely new, as no pattern for a case or cases [to accommodate] an alphabet containing 86 characters could be found. After considering the matter over for a few days, I worked upon making cases with boxes corresponding to the systematized alphabet as arranged by Mr. Worcester. Accordingly we had the cases so made, one case being about three by three and one-half feet. This brought all the vowels, six in number, in the lower or nearest boxes, but the letters in the latter part of the alphabet were in the upper boxes and hard to reach. It took over 100 boxes for figures, points, etc., to each case. There were no capitals.

The Cherokee font was cast on a small pica body, and, as several of the Cherokee characters

were taken from the English caps, the small caps of small pica were used. The press, type, etc., arrived about the middle of January. The press, a small royal size, was like none I ever saw before or since. It was of cast iron, with spiral springs to hold up the platen, at that time a new invention.

Mr. Green, the Secretary of the Mission Board, came out at the same time the material arrived. It was a part of his business to put up the new press. It was a very simply constructed hand press, and any country printer could have put it together. At that day we had to use balls made of deerskin and stuffed with wool, as it was before the invention of composition rollers.

The first number of the Cherokee Phœnix (Tsa-la-ge Tsi-le-hi-sa-ni-hi) was issued about the middle of February, 1828. There were three hands in the office—Harris, myself, and John Candy, a native half-blood who came as an apprentice. He could speak the Cherokee language and was of great help to me in giving words where they were not plainly written.

Harris had abandoned the learning of the Cherokee alphabet, and the setting up of the Cherokee type fell to my lot. We had no impression [*sic*] stone, and had to make up each page of the paper on a sled (?) galley, put it on the press, and take proofs on slips of paper, and then correct it on the press, a very fatiguing way of correcting foul proof which was the case with my first efforts at setting

Cherokee type. It was a very foul proof, and a very troublesome and fatiguing job to correct it, as I did not know or understand a word of the language. But after a few weeks I became expert in setting up Cherokee matter, and as every letter or type had a thick body, it amounted up pretty fast. Translation from English into Cherokee was a very slow business; therefore we seldom had more than three columns each week in Cherokee.

As I said above, the first number of the Cherokee Phœnix was issued and sent out through the mails to subscribers and to the leading papers of the country, as it contained matter in the Cherokee alphabet, printed with characters invented by an Indian who could not speak English, or any other language but his own native Cherokee tongue; besides, the invention was of a very recent date.

Elias Boudinot, known among the Cherokees as Ka-la-ki-na (Buck, the male of the Deer), an Indian whose father and mother could not speak English, was the editor of the paper.

VII.

To keep the chain of events clear in your mind, we must return to the white boy, Samuel A. Worcester. At the time Se-quo-yah was declared school master, prophet and chief in the Cherokee nation, by reason of his alphabet, Worcester was sent by the American Board of Congregational Foreign Missions to the Cherokee country as a missionary, and it was largely through his labors that the letters made by Se-quo-yah were made to express the Word of God. On the introduction of the printing press, the Cherokees' desire for knowledge was powerfully stimulated, and the publications in the Cherokee alphabet were eagerly sought after. "Their enthusiasm is kindled," wrote Mr. Worcester, "great numbers have learned to read and write, they are circulating hymns and portions of the Scripture, they are eagerly anticipating the time

when they can read the white man's Bible in their own language."

Within five years of the acceptance of Se-quo-yah's invention, the presses in the Cherokee forests had turned off 733,800 pages of good literature, which was eagerly read and re-read by the Cherokees. Two years more, and the number of pages had increased to 1,517,800, and before Se-quo-yah's death more than 7,000,000 pages of pure reading matter had been provided in Cherokee, and this not including the circulation of the Phœnix. I have it from good authority that to this day the types of the Se-quo-yan alphabet are messengers of purity, nothing indecent ever having been printed with them. Would that we could say the same of the type used by so-called Christian people. Such a general distribution of good literature among these Indians, where it was so eagerly read, could but have a civilizing effect in all ways upon the people. They began to abandon superstition, they gradually adopted the white man's dress, they put themselves in the way of religious teachings; they began to produce grain for their market, instead of raising only

for their own use; they practiced more frugality, they favored law, order, morality and temperance. Records show that nowhere in the Cherokee nation did the cause of temperance spread so rapidly as in the immediate vicinity of Se-quo-yah's home, and it was not long before a missionary wrote from that vicinity that the traffic in drink had almost ceased. In an incredibly short time they doubled the number of their horses and cattle, while small agricultural implements were in greater demand. A few sawmills were put up, public roads were established, schools were started. Cherokee women learned to weave with looms, and the wigwams gave place to rude huts. When Se-quo-yah was born, the smoke from Cherokee wigwams ascended through openings made at the top; but now even a few chimneys were put up with brick.

The Cherokees now attempted to immitate the whites in the arrangement of their affairs. Instead of appearing merely in the clothes that nature gave them, they put on modern dress. The women began to cover their heads, first with handkerchiefs, then with men's hats. For the first time, one bright

SE-QUO-YAH.

Sunday in the year of our Lord, 1826, a Cherokee woman put on a new spring bonnet and made her first great sensation. And it seems a humorous fact, that the very next month, a male missionary forwarded a letter or report to the headquarters of the Society in Boston, in which he said that he regretted to note a growing tendency to extravagance in dress among the women of the Cherokee nation.

Se-quo-yah lived to see three printing presses running at New Echota, and until 7,000,000 pages had been printed in the writing which he had invented and circulated among his people. He lived to see school-houses and churches spring up on every side; he lived to see his people governed by a constitution of their own, which divided the powers of government into legislative, executive and judicial departments of government, allowing all free citizens who had reached the age of eighteen years to vote on all public questions; a government where the judges were supported by fixed salaries, and were not allowed to receive fees or perquisites of office, or to hold any other office of profit or trust

whatever. Where the right of trial by jury should remain inviolate; where no Indian who denied the existence of God should hold any office in the civil departments of his nation. Such were some of the laws Se-quo-yah lived to see adopted by his people.

VIII.

We return again to that devout missionary who spent his time in translating the Bible into the Cherokee language. He was ever faithful to the Cherokees. Owing to the ungodly laws of white men, this devout missionary, Worcester, was imprisoned on their account. He worked early and late after his release, in translating the Scriptures. For twenty-three years he published that great educator of the Cherokees, the Cherokee Almanac,* which was full of religious instruction. On his death bed, which was one of pain, he said, "I would willingly live years of this suffering, if I could only finish the work

*The author has a copy of the Almanac for 1846. It was largely printed in the alphabet of Se-quo-yah. Its object—"to promote knowledge, virtue and piety among the Cherokee people."

of giving to the Cherokees the Bible." After devoting thirty-four years to the Cherokee people, he peacefully fell asleep in 1859.

Some years since I rode fifteen miles, mostly through a tangled waste, such as one often finds in the wilds of the Indian Territory, that I might stand for a few moments beside the grave of Rev. Samuel A. Worcester. How many heroes sleep today in forgotten graves! And, alas, a forgotten grave I found the resting place of that man of God to be. After we had reached the spot and had tied our horses, it was a long while before we could locate the hamlet of the dead we sought. No trail led from the unused highway to the spot where Worcester and his associates lie buried. At that time there was no sign to indicate that any human foot, for months, had trod the solitude of that gloomy wood. A buzzard, that scavenger of the plains, and the only officiating sexton for many a perished traveler on the prairies, was sluggishly flying over the woods, but that was all. At last, when, on a small monument in a thicket, I had traced the name of Worcester, and knew that it was there that the man of God had been laid to

rest,* I could not but stand with both bowed and uncovered head. For, did I not know so well the story of his work, and how the world had been made better for it, and also that a race of people had been lifted from darkness into light? As I lingered there, I glanced from the grave upward, and noticed that some of the trees grew right out of those sacred graves. The one tallest, straightest, grandest,—the one that reached above all others, the one the branches of which seemed to have fashioned themselves into an index finger pointing upward toward Heaven,—was that tree whose roots had reached down into Worcester's earth-dwelling. Had I been a ghoul, and had dug down there for a bone or relic of a saint to worship, none would I have found there, for all the mortality of the man had become a part of the beautiful tree that reached so much higher than its fellows, toward Heaven.

After listening to this story, made up of a wonderful chain of events, each link in which depended on the other, I ask you whether we

*Died at Park Hill, April 20, 1859.

have not reason to be believers in God's providence? We may not see the result of some little act of ours today; it may not bear its fruit for years to come. How comforting should be the thought that there is an omnipresent, omnipotent Being, infinite in wisdom, who is caring for us, preparing the paths for us to walk in, modifying the very changes which threaten us, and shaping the weal and woe of life.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CHEROKEE.

ᎣᎩᏙᏓ ᏕᏧᎳᏁ ᏉᏰ, ᎨᏧᏣᏁᎩ ᏦᏎᏁ ᏕᎶᏙᎢ. ᏩᎬᎾᏍᏉ ᏦᏒ ᏍᎦᎾᏧᎪᎢ. Dh ᏒᎶᏍ ᎾᏂᎨᎴᏍᏓ ᎤᏓᎧᏔᏍᎬᎢ, ᎾᎾᏩᏯ ᏕᏧᎳᏁ ᏦᏂᎨᎴᏍᏁᎤᏛ. ᏂᏓᏙᏒᏒᏒ ᏯᎨᎴᏍᏓᏴᏁ ᎾᏩᎥᏏ ᎠᏍ ᎢᎨ. ᎫᏦᏍᏩᎥᏏᏣᏱᏃ ᏕᏍᏩᎩᏚᎬᎢ, ᎾᎾᏩᏯ ᏦᏁᎨᎴᏍᏁᎤᏛᏁᏃ ᏂᏍᎨᏂᏁᏃ ᏦᏂᎨᎢᏃ. DᎴ ᏞᎾᏁ ᏈᏓᎠᎨᏍᏍ ᏦᏒ ᎾᏁᎩᏯᏍᏛᎤᏛᎾᏩᏃ, ᎾᎾᏩᏯᏍᏓᏴᏁᏣᏱᏃᏍᎾᏩᏂ ᏅᏍ ᏦᏒᎢ. ᏩᏉᎨᏃᏃ ᏩᎬᎾᏍᏉ ᏦᏒᎢ. DᎴ ᏩᏂᏂᎩᏍᏍ ᏦᏒᎢ, DᎴ ᏒᎶᏧᏣᏁᎩ ᏦᏒ ᏂᎠᎾᏧᎪᎢ. Roh:Ꮕ

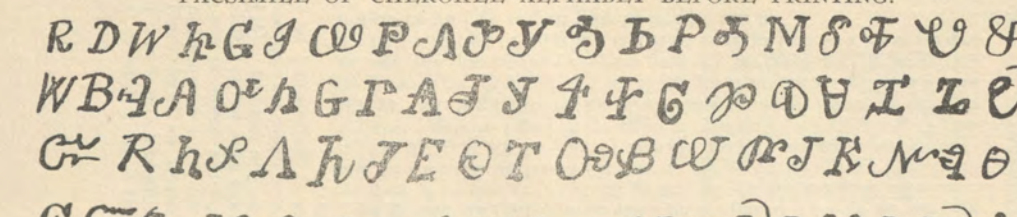
INTERPRETATION, WITH PRONOUNCIATION ACCORDING TO THE ALPHABET.

aw gi daw da | ga lv la di ehi | ga lv quo di yu | ge se sdi | de tsa daw v i | dsa gv wi yu hi ge sv | wi ga na nu gaw i | a ni e law hi | wi dsi ga li sda | ha da nv ste gv i | na sgi ya | ga lv la li | tsi ni ga li sdi ha | ni da daw da qui sv | aw ga li sda yv di | sgi v si | gaw hi i ga | di ge sgi v si quo naw | de sgi du gv i | na sgi ya | tsi di ga yaw tsi na haw | tsaw tsi du gi | a le tla sdi | oo da gaw le ye di yi ge sv | wi di sgi ya ti nv sta nv gi | sgi yu da ge sge sdi quo sgi ni | oo yaw ge sv i | tsa tse li ga ye naw | tsa dv wi yu hi | ge sv i | a le | dsa li ni gi di yi | ge sv i | a le | e dsa lv quo di yu | ge sv | ni gaw hi lv i | e me n.

TRANSLATION.

Our Father || heaven dweller, || Hallowed || be || thy name. || Thy kingdom || let it make its appearance. || Thy will, || the same as || in heaven || [it] is done. || Daily [adj.] our food give to us || this day. || Forgive us || our debts, || the same as || we forgive || our debtors. || And do not || temptation bring || lead us into [it]. || Deliver us from || evil existing. || For thine || the kingdom || is, || and || the power || is, || and || the glory || is, || forever || amen.

FACSIMILE OF CHEROKEE ALPHABET BEFORE PRINTING.



1 A, short. 2 A broad. 3 Lah. 4 Tsee. 5 Nah. 6 Weeh. 7 Weh. 8 Leeh. 9 Neh. 10 Mooh. 11 Keeh. 12 Yeeh. 13 Seeh. 14 Clanh. 15 Ah. 16 Luh. 17 Leh. 18 Hah. 19 Woh. 20 Cloh. 21 Tah. 22 Yahn. 23 Lahn. 24 Hee. 25 Ss (sibilant.) 26 Yoh. 27 Un (French.) 28 Hoo. 29 Goh. 30 Tsoo. 31 Maugh. 32 Seh. 33 Saugh. 34 Cleegh. 35 Queegh. 36 Quegh. 37 Sah. 38 Quah. 39 Gnaugh (nasal.) 40 Kaah. 41 Tsahn. 41 Sahn. 43 Neeh. 44 Kah. 45 Taugh. 46 Keh. 47 Taah. 48 Khan. 49 Weeh. 50 Eeh. 51 Ooh. 52 Yeh. 53 Un. 54 Tun. 55 Kooh. 56 Tsoh. 57 Quoh. 58 Noo. 59 Na. 60 Loh. 61 Yu. 62 Tseh. 63 Tee. 64 Wahn. 65 Tooh. 66 Teh. 67 Tsah. 68 Un. 69 Neh. 70 —— 71 Tsooh. 72 Mah. 73 Clooh. 74 Haah. 75 Hah. 76 Meeh. 77 Clah. 78 Yah. 79 Wah. 80 Teeh. 81 Clegh. 82 Naa. 83 Quh. 84 Clah. 85 Maah. 86 Quhn.

IX.

The Scriptures tell us that God came to Abimelech in a dream; the angel spoke to Jacob in a dream; God spoke to Laban in a dream; Joseph was warned of God in a dream; the Lord spoke to Solomon in a dream. Said Jeremiah, "Let the prophet that hath a dream tell a dream."

The Cherokees have many accounts of visions. There is little doubt but what the first Cherokee Hymn that was written down by the missionaries was the result of a vision, as will be shown further on. The accounts of visions were of people supposed to be dead, but afterward reviving, related what they had seen in the land of shades. These visions had a tendency to enforce the practice of virtue.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." More than sixty years ago, Mission-

ary Chamberlain, translating the passage, repeated it slowly to his little Cherokee scholar, Lydia Lowrey.

"He maketh me lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters," were the first words that really attracted toward God the thoughts of that nature-loving Cherokee girl, who at that time was numbered among the very brightest of that then uncivilized tribe.

Up to that time there had been no native hymns, and the songs she sang were English Missionary hymns, or the ruder murmurs that nature taught her.

And when the lessons of the Sabbath morning were over, the Cherokee maiden bounded away over the cleared lot, and threw herself beside the brook which was rippling in the deep forest.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters," she involuntarily repeated as she sat down beside the brook. And then she fell to wondering about the Great Spirit of the Pale Face and then she fell asleep. As she slept she dreamed; and wonderful indeed has been the result of many dreams of the Cherokee People.

She dreamed of a grove of wonderful beauty, in which had gathered a vast concourse of Cherokee people. They were seated around in a semi-circle, and in their midst stood a wonderful being, giving praise to the Great Spirit, the whole congregation repeating again and again the words after him, in joyful Cherokee song. And when the Cherokee girl awoke, she looked about her in surprise, for she then saw no congregation, and heard no music but the brook's murmur, and the song-words of the singing birds. But the song of her dreams still filled her mind, and she went and told Missionary Chamberlain. And he asked her to tell him the exact words which the congregation of her dream had chanted, and she repeated the following in Cherokee, of which this is a free translation:

"God and I are friends,
I will not be afraid of Him.
Though all the world be against me,
I will still be confident."

This was the first Cherokee hymn, and it was the result of this dream of little Lydia Lowrey. This stanza was soon followed by others, and was a popular hymn in all the

early religious meetings among the Cherokee people. It acted like a key to unlock the language, until now there is quite a collection of hymns for church music. But she who dreamed has long since passed beyond the green pastures of earth, over the still waters of the creek, through the deep forest, and perhaps is now one of that mysterious band that she saw in her vision more than three score years agone. Who can tell?

Before me comes now a vision of a rude-built hut way down in the Indian Territory. I see again, as I saw in 1887, those rough walls of half hewed logs piled one above another, with the mud between. I see again that queer chimney made of cob-housed sticks, all besmeared with clay. I behold once more that dwelling place, with all its, to me, awful miserableness; a home unlighted except by a fire that sometimes burned in that rude chimney place. Lighted at other times only by the open door, for there were no windows. Or if the door was shut the light came only through the walls where the mud had fallen out. But if it rained, even the brightness of the sun's

rays was extinguished by their own tears of sympathy. In dimensions the room was perhaps nine feet by twelve. To keep out the cold, old strips of paper were pasted over the interspaces of the stained log walls, that had become, oh! so black by smoke, that those famous prairie winds as conquerors had driven down that rude Indian chimney.

But no, I have not told you all that lighted that lowly hut. Its real light came from the brightness of a happy Christian soul. A happy Christian Indian soul? do I hear you ask? If I have ever seen Christianity exemplified in its purest form, in its most self-sacrificing grandeur, I have seen it among the women of the Cherokee people. I saw her in this hut, which had been built so long, that besides this general appearance of ruin which I have described to you, even the roof was falling in, and to support it a green stick had been placed in the center of the room to hold the covering between earth and sky.

"Just such a stick as they used to hold up the roof of the old time Council House," said the happy old lady by way of apology. What a grand thing it is to be always ready to see

the bright side of things; to be ever ready to extract sweetness from the bitter; to be able to discern in a stick holding up the roof of a decaying cabin a likeness to the pillars of a Council House. Was it not magnificent to find in the owner of those squalid surroundings, a so-called barbarian, even the maligned Indian, devoting her time to caring for others more needy than herself.

I visited this home, because she who resided there was a near relative of the Indian dreamer I have told you about. I repeated to her this story of the first Cherokee hymn, which I even then had written, and asked her if I had told it true. She smiled as she said "yes," and she went to her table and picked up a little book printed in the alphabet that Se-quo-yah made, and came and stood beside me. She opened the book to the seventeenth page, and said, "That is the hymn my own grand aunt wrote." Said she, "I want to thank you for writing to the white people this true story of my ancestor, and also printing the life of our great school-master and our earthly Saviour, Se-quo-yah. Had it not been for him, I could not have read today. Look!

here is our own National paper* and I can read it. Here is my hymn book printed all in Cherokee and I can sing from it. And best of all, here is my Cherokee Bible where I learned the way of Christian living. I daily thank God, that Se-quo-yah lived."

——o——

The following section is taken from my book, "Se-quo-yah."

*Cherokee Advocate, established Sept. 28, 1853.

XI.

Se-quo-yah died nearly fifty years ago,* having attained the age of three score years and ten. He died believing fully in that faith his mother taught him. He died as the good Indian dies, with all that peace of mind promised in God's holy word to both Jew and Gentile. He died happy in the Indian faith of a glorious hereafter. When the last hour came, and his eagle eye dimmed to the hills, the forests of strong oak and sombre pines, when his ear no longer heard the river's murmur, or the song of the birds he loved so well, there came a smile upon his face, as if there opened to him a door to a sweet land, even as to our own St. John the pearly gates swung apart to disclose the beauties of the New

*He was traveling through the West in search of a lost branch of his tribe. His resting place is not known.

Jerusalem. As if he beheld before him the boundaries of an enchanted land, to which, conscious that he had lived true to the law that nature taught him, he approached without fear, looking for no punishment, only for reward. And as he passed the boundaries, methinks another smile rested on his face, as if grandly dawned to him the glories of the aboriginal Elysium. A mighty forest decked with foliage of softest shades, and carpeted with velvet leaves and silken needles from majestic pines, verdant groves wafting sweet perfumes on gentle airs. A shady wood where warbling birds in golden plumage carolled wondrous melody. Where, for his silver arrow, herds of stately deer and buffalo idly roved on a thousand ambushed plains, and where monster fish sported for him alone, in silvery brooks, which rippled over pebbly beds of gold. And somewhere in this Happy Hunting Ground he thought to find the wigwams of the warriors of his race who had gone before, and with them to live on forever, never growing old, but in this new world ever developing new capacities.

And just here comes the most startling

statement in our story. Se-quo-yah died knowing not the religion that his alphabet enabled his people to embrace. Within me burns the fire of indignation, to think that in every garbled account of Se-quo-yah's life, the historians make a point against him, and that point that he died regretting that he had invented an alphabet to carry the teachings of the white man's Bible to his people. Be this charge true or not, let its memory be buried with all that was mortal of Se-quo-yah. Since Providence sent a genius to raise in his own way this people from their benightedness, what right have we to select from the great alphabet of human characteristics one single defect and fasten it like a "scarlet letter" against him? Or who except God himself has right to brand this man as among the doomed? In his honest, candid search for knowledge, Se-quo-yah, haply lifted from old ruts, had revealed things to him unseen before, and in fields and pastures new, he boldly started the plow of progress, which outside the dust worn ruts, in broad, God-given fields, enabled him to reap larger harvests, and cull brighter flowers for God and for humanity.

In the words of the poet:

"Before you remark another's sin,
Bid your own conscience look within."

Should some great record book of man's earthly usefulness be opened, and should we hear proclaimed the grand results of his life and ours, who would feel worthy to stand, even with uncovered head, in the presence of Se-quo-yah! How soon are forgotten the true benefactors of mankind! While visiting the great book stores of Boston to consult old printed matter, hoping to find justice concerning Se-quo-yah, in one of the antiquarian shops I found a shelf burdened with some fifty volumes, treating of Indian tribes. Eagerly did I seek through the musty pages of each, to find some new record of this benefactor of mankind. I have found scores of books with long records of Indians brave in war and distinguished in the chase, but very little of Se-quo-yah. Four solid hours, one day, had I turned the pages of these musty volumes of forgotten lore, and was turning away wearied and disappointed, when between two mouldy tomes I spied a little book. It was new, elegantly bound in red and edged in gold, the

cover folding over and fastening at the side. I was amazed to see such a beautiful book concealed there among those time worn volumes. I pulled it from its hiding place, and what do you suppose it was? It was the Word of God, the New Testament, written in the alphabet Se-quo-yah made toward a century ago. Not the rough, unsightly characters such as were left on the birch bark of the stick with which Se-quo-yah first wrote, but the same letters, nevertheless, smoothed by contact with the revolving wheel of time, just as civilization has reduced to symmetry the coarse hieroglyphics from which our English letters have descended.

And, as I have been trying to tell you, this little book had been the means of carrying to the Cherokee people the true directions for a better way of living. Do I need to say more, even a single word, to convince you that God raised up both Worcester and Se-quo-yah for a purpose, and that through them the Cherokees became the most moral, benevolent and intelligent of all tribes? And more than this, you see that it was God, with His wonderful finger of love, that touched the hearts of the

white men and members of our churches with missionary spirit, to borrow from the Cherokee people the alphabet that Se-quo-yah made, which they formed into the "Word of God," and they gave it to the Cherokees again, through Worcester and his aids, in this new form, and this people, always in pursuit of knowledge and of light, accepted this new revelation. Thus the Cherokees, in addition to their morality and intelligence, have become the most Christian Indian tribe on the face of the earth.

BUTTRICK ANTIQUITIES.

BUTTRICK ANTIQUITIES.

Rev. Daniel Sabin Buttrick was a missionary among the Cherokees 1817 to 1847. The Indian chieftain at Vinita, Indian Territory, 1884, published many of Mr. Buttrick's collections, a few of which we republish as bearing especially on matters treated of in the foregoing pages:

God made man, red, of red clay, and made the woman of one of his ribs.

NETTLE.

At first no snakes or weeds were poisonous. Poison was afterwards communicated to them.

THOMAS NUTSAWI.

All were Indians, or red people, before the flood. They had also preachers and prophets before the flood. Their preachers would sometimes continue their discourses nearly all

day, teaching the people to obey God. They also taught the children to obey their parents. They warned the people of the approaching flood, if they continued to disobey God, but said the world should not be destroyed by water but once; it would be afterwards destroyed by fire, when God would send first a shower of pitch and then a shower of fire to set everything in a flame. They also taught the people that after death the good and the bad would separate; the good would take a path which would lead them to a place of happiness, where it would be always light; but the bad would be urged along another path, which led to a deep gulf, over which lay a pole with a dog at each end. They would be urged onto this pole, and the dogs by moving it, would throw them off into the gulf of fire beneath. But if any got over, they would be transfixed with red-hot bars of iron, and be thus tormented forever.

The priest offered sacrifice with new fire, having a rack two or three feet high for an altar. A little before the flood men grew worse and worse, and, like some of the Cherokee young men now, grew worse by reproof and warning. Also, some infants were born with whole sets of teeth. NUTSAWI.

At length God sent a messenger from above to warn the people of the flood unless they turned from their wickedness.

God then told a man to make a house that would swim, and take his family and some of the different kinds of animals into it.

RAVEN.

The rain commenced, and continued forty days and forty nights, while the water at the same time gushed out of the ground, so that as much came up as came down from the clouds. NUTSAWI,

As also the NATCHER.

The house or boat was raised up on the waters and borne away. At length the man sent out a raven, and, after some time, sent a dove, which came back with a leaf in her mouth. Soon after this, the man found the house (or boat) was resting on dry ground, on the top of a mountain. This being in the spring of the year, the family and all the animals left the boat, and the family descended to the bottom of the mountain and commenced their farming operations. NUTSAWI.

Some time after the flood the people generally (the Indians excepted) determined to build a wall to reach the clouds, and proceeded till the wall was very high. They built this wall of stone (Nutsawi) or, according to others, of wood (Shield Eater). At length the people became very much alarmed by see-

ing something black in the air above them; and also God was angry with them, and spoiled their language, so that the people could not understand each other, and got into quarrels, and separated.

NUTSAWI and SHIELD EATER.

An old man, nearly a hundred years old, by the name of Kotiski, says that, when a small boy, he used to listen to the conversation of two very aged men, who would sometimes sit up and talk nearly the whole night; and among other things they told were the following: That there was a God, the father and the son; that these alone created all things; that they were always present, and knew all we said and did, and that the father sent the son to attend to and manage the affairs of the world. Prayers were to be directed to these two, and also to Aqua, Abraham, not, however, as to God, but as to their great father, who, though a man like themselves, was greater or wiser than themselves.

When God created the world, he made a heaven or firmament about as high as the tops of the mountains, but this was too warm. He then created a second, which was also too warm. He thus proceeded till He had created seven heavens, and in the seventh fixed his abode.

During some of their prayers they raise

their hands to the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh heaven, and then express their desires to God, who dwells there. But when they sung that special prayer designed for the morning of every seventh day, they commenced with the third heaven, ascending to the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and then uttered their prayer to the father and the son, in substance as follows: "Oh, God, thou hast created us, and hast the heart of all in thy hands. We pray for thine aid, and for long life and health. Aqua (Abraham) our father taught us to pray thus." They then prayed to Abraham to take them into his arms. This prayer was sung every seventh morning, seven times, commencing a little before day, and about daybreak they repaired to a stream of water and plunged entirely four or seven times. The water washed away their heaviness, and God gave them comfort and joy in their hearts. They then prayed to Him to continue this joy in their hearts. On returning to the house they put their hands on the white ashes covering the coals, and rubbed their faces and breasts.

The old men said that God created all things in six days, and rested the seventh; and therefore all must rest every seventh day, and meet at the town houses.

The first man and woman were made of red earth, and therefore were red, and God told

IX.

One beautiful morning some years ago, behold a grand procession moving down the main street of the Cherokee capital. First two big dogs,—of which figuratively speaking the Cherokee nation has thousands,—led the way, just as soberly as would two city policemen on a like occasion. Next was an Indian pony on which sat a half-breed Indian dressed in cowboy's hat, which had an ornament of a feather pulled from a rooster's tail. He wore also a brown jacket, and trousers of same color and had a big six shooter protruding from a cartridge belt. Next came two vicious, stately, long eared mules, followed by a wagon of doubtful build, the dasher of which had long since been ruined by the viciousness of mulish heels, and in this wagon and behind these mules in pomp and state sat the Cherokee Chief and he who speaks to you this

evening. All the people seemed to be on the streets drawn up in line. Down by the Cherokee hotels, the stores and the great Council House we went out into the beautiful suburbs to a trail down which years ago, moved a far more famous expedition than was our own, for it was on this other bright morning in 1840, that there passed down this trail one of the most peculiar expeditions in search of knowledge that this world has ever known. First and foremost in that company was that Indian Se-quo-yah, who had invented the alphabet that had so helped in enlightening and christianizing his people.* He had conceived a new idea, that of forming an alphabet by which all Indians could speak and read a common language and thus better

*The author has a personal letter from Rev. A. N. Chamberlin, life-long missionary and official interpreter for the Cherokee Nation in which he writes :—

"As to the amount of good Se-quo-yah's alphabet has done our people it is beyond estimation. At least ten thousand people read today who could not were it not for Se-quo-yah's alphabet. Untold thousands since 1827 have been led through it to Jesus.

A great while ago a part of the world was burned, though it is not known now how, or by whom, but it is said that other land was formed by washing in from the mountains.

KOTISKI.

Mr. Boudinot, speaking of the Indians, says: "It is said among their principal or 'beloved' men, that they have it handed down from their ancestors, that the book which the white people have, was once theirs; that, while they had it, they prospered exceedingly; but that the white people bought it of them, and learned many things from it; while the Indians lost credit, offended the Great Spirit and suffered exceedingly from the neighboring nations; that the Great Spirit took pity on them, and directed them to this country; that on their way they came to a great river, which they could not pass, where God dried up the waters, and they passed over dry-shod."

The next man of greatest note among their early ancestors, was by the name of Wasi (Moses). He was the greatest prophet, and told them of things past, relative to the creation of the world, the history of mankind, and also told them things to come. He directed them how to consecrate their priests, how and when to celebrate their feasts, and how to attend to all their religious ceremonies, and

charged them to observe all he had commanded them forever. NUTSAWI.

God loved their fathers, and told them that they should be the father of all nations; and He gave them a country, though they had a great distance to travel to get to it. At length they started for their country, but when they started they were fleeing from their enemies. Who these enemies were, or where they lived, is not now known. When they started they soon came to a great water, and because God loved their fathers, they told their leader (his name they do not know) to strike the water with a staff, and it should divide till they passed through, and then come together, so that their enemies could not follow to injure them. Their leader did this. He went forward, striking the water, and it parted so that all went through safely, and then the waters came back and stopped their enemies. They then entered a vast wilderness.

Some time after they entered this wilderness, they came to a high mountain, and God came down upon the mountain, and their leader went up and conversed with God, or, rather, as their fathers said, with the Son of God. They supposed, therefore, that God had a son, as it was said to be the Son of God that came down on the mountain, and the top of the mountain was bright like the sun.

There God gave their leader a law, written on a smooth stone. The reason of this being written on a smooth stone was as follows, viz.: God gave our first parents a law, to be handed down verbally to posterity. But when the language was destroyed and began to quarrel and kill each other, they forgot this law, and therefore God wrote the law now on a stone, a smooth slate stone, that it might not be lost. Their leader also received other instructions from God, which he wrote on skins.

In this wilderness God gave them their holy fire from heaven. This they ever kept for burning sacrifices, and holy purposes, and, though, when they came to this continent they left it behind, yet in a miraculous manner they had it brought over the great water, and kept it till, on a certain occasion, their enemies came upon them and destroyed the house in which it was kept. After that they were obliged to make new fire for sacred purposes by rubbing two pieces of wood together, with a certain weed called golden rod, dry, between them. After constant rubbing for some time, this took fire, together with the wood, and this fire was used for religious purposes.

[When their enemies destroyed the house in which this holy fire was kept, it was said the fire settled down into the earth, where it still lives, though unknown to the people. The place where they lost this holy fire is

somewhere in one of the Carolinas.—*Inata* (*Snake*)].

Originally they had twelve tribes but on account of disobedience with regard to marriage, it was resolved to have but seven.

In their journeys through this wilderness, the tribes marched separately, and also in clans. The clans were distinguished by having feathers of different colors fastened to their ears. They had two great standards, one white and one red. The white standard was under the control of the priests, and used for civil and religious purposes; but the red standard was under the direction of the war priests, for purposes of war, or alarm. These were carried when they journeyed, and the white standard erected in front of the building above mentioned, when they rested. The priests had trumpets, also, for their own particular use.

In going through this wilderness they had two waters to cross, between the first and the last river, before getting to their country. These two their leader struck, as he had done the first, and the water stopped, so that the children could wade through. But their whole journey through this wilderness was attended with great distress and danger. At one time they were beset by the most deadly kind of serpents, which destroyed a great many of the people, but at length their leader shot one with an arrow and drove them away.

Again, they were walking along in single file, when the ground cracked open and a number of the people sunk down and were destroyed by the earth closing upon them.

At another time they came nigh perishing for water. Their head men dug with their staves in all the low places, but could find no water. At length their leader found a most beautiful spring coming out of a rock.

They were a great many years a getting through this wilderness, and many of the people died. They never could have got through, the dangers were so great, if God had not helped them.

When they came to the land which God had given their fathers, they had a large river to cross. This had been told them all along. But when they came to this river, their leader struck it with his stick and the water above stopped, so that all the children could wade through. After they had crossed they camped on the other side and named the place Tahmitoo.

They had then to engage in wars—and on one occasion their leader caused the sun to stand still and thus lengthened the day, that they might destroy their enemies. And at another time the Lord destroyed their enemies by sending a hail storm upon them, some of the hail stones being as large as a hominy mortar.

SHIELD EATER.
NUTSAWI.

A great while ago the Indians were afflicted with certain very awful complaints, which do not prevail now. One especially, which occasioned dreadful sores, though different from the small-pox, or yaws, or any complaint now known. When any one of a family was taken with that disease, the affected person was sent off some distance from any house, and there had a house prepared for him to live in ever after. Then the priest was sent for, to cleanse the house from which the diseased person had been removed. The ceremonies were similar to those of cleansing a house defiled by the dead. After this, should any touch the diseased person, he would be unclean, as if he had touched a dead body.

CORN TASSEL,
OLD WILL.

When they had the written law the people were better than they are now. They would not lie, nor have any idle, foolish talk. The old people used to tell the boys it would be bad to grow up in sin. In olden times the commandments were kept better than in later times. All sin was forbidden. Those who grew up in sin, they said, would be punished after death, but those who did right would be happy. NUTSAWI.

Anciently the Cherokees gave thanks even before eating a common meal.

Witches were to be killed. A poisoner, among the Indians, means a witch, or one who, by means of certain ingredients, has power to bewitch or kill persons at a distance.

THOMAS NUTSAWI.

God gave them directions with regard to marriage, as also with regard to what animals they might eat.

God commanded them not to say "askini" (mean or cursed) to the deformed, nor laugh at them. He said they must be kind to all people, especially to strangers. And if they had any animals under their care, they must treat them kindly. The old people used to speak the name "Jews," as in the Yowa hymn, (Anitsuri), but nothing further is known of them.

NUTSAWI.

The Indians never used to eat a certain sinew in the thigh. The name of this sinew in Cherokee is "u-wa-sta-to." Some say that if they eat of the sinew, they will have cramp in it on attempting to run. It is said that once a woman had cramp in that sinew, and therefore none must eat it.

NUTSAWI.

Anciently, during a certain portion of the

year, all the people used to fast every seventh day. Little children fasted till noon.

CATY VANN.

The Indian informed him, Mr. Boudinot, that one of their most ancient traditions was, that a great while ago that they had a common father, who lived toward the rising of the sun, and governed the whole world; that all the white people's heads were under his feet; that he had twelve sons, by whom he administered his government; that his authority was derived from the Great Spirit, by virtue of some special gift from Him; that the twelve sons behaved very bad, and tyrannized over the people, abusing their power to a great degree, so as to offend the Great Spirit exceedingly; that He being thus angry with them, suffered the white people to introduce spirituous liquors among them, made them drunk, took the special gift of the Great Spirit from them, and by this means usurped the power over them, and, ever since, the Indians' heads were under the white people's feet. But that they also had a tradition that the time would come when the Indians would regain the gift of the Great Spirit from the white people, and with it their ancient power, when the white people's heads would be again under the Indians' feet.

NOTES ON
CHEROKEE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

NOTES ON

CHEROKEE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

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THROUGH

CHEROKEE LANDS.

REMINISCENCES

OF

TRAVEL IN

CHEROKEE LANDS.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LADIES' MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE ITHACA, N. Y., CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 1898.

BY GEO. E. FOSTER.

ITHACA, N. Y.
DEMOCRAT PRESS,
1899.

PROLOGUE.

As I was the first white man to write a book devoted to showing the rise of the Cherokee Nation from barbarism to a comparatively high state of civilization through the inspiration and genius of Se-quo-yah, their great schoolmaster, prophet and chief, the Cherokee Senate passed a resolution of thanks for my interest in trying to prove to the too incredulous and willingly misled American people, that there could be something great and even good in the American Indian, and several letters were forwarded to me from the Cherokee people requesting that I should visit them in their homes and accept their hospitalities as a Nation.

These invitations were accepted for some time in the future, but I must confess that

my departure for the Cherokee capitol was hastened somewhat by the heartiness of a renewal in the handwriting of Hon. William P. Boudinot, who was then Executive Secretary of the Cherokee Nation and whose father was the first Cherokee editor.

"We do not again ask you to visit us," he wrote, "as you have already consented to do so, Providence willing, but we expect you pursuant to understanding. Only give us a little time, please, not to give us a chance to brush up for any report that you may wish to make, but, so that we can make your visit as pleasant as is possible on your own account."

The warmness of the invitation touched a responsive chord in my heart, and I would go at once, not even waiting for the little notice beforehand. And so I went. It did not take me long to get ready, for had I not been educated to the idea that there was only a vast wilderness before me into which only an elephant would carry a trunk.

But before my return I learned a lesson. I learned the possibilities of raising a people from darkness into light. I returned more ready than ever, to take off my hat and bow

with reverence to the memory of good Queen Isabella, that queen, who had tenderest concern for the humane and mild usage of Indians presided over by her subjects in this country, and those laudable sentiments were adopted into the laws of Spain so far as they related to America, and served as the introduction to the regulations contained under the title "Good Government of Indians." I returned also feeling more than ever like extolling the name of Ferdinand, who opposed all Dominicans, who believed it a waste of time to communicate the sublime truths of religion to Indians until their spirits were broken and their faculties impaired by oppression, and who for religion's sake favored the barbarous treatment to the untutored children of the forests. And, I would again bow my head reverently to Anne, the English queen, whose reign was so noted for its magnificence; who notwithstanding all her love of splendor, took time and pains to, and did win the love of the combined Iroquois nations, and so won the hearts of the chiefs that they wept when they heard of her death, and long they remembered the kindness that she showed to those

Indians residing on the vast tract of country governed by her. Indeed, on my return from the Nation Cherokee, I felt prouder than ever, that on the pages of American history stands the name of Wm. Penn, an honest man in dealing with all Indians.

Let memory forever cherish the name of Helen Hunt Jackson, whose published works have done so much to create in the hearts of the American people a spirit leading to more just treatment of an oppressed race, and who by her arraignment of land-grabbers, politicians and inhuman government officials, has placed the cause of much heralded "Indian barbarities," just where it belongs, viz., in the barbarity, greed and inhumanity of unworthy pale-faces of an alleged civilized people. Let the names of Herbert Welsh and Mrs. Quinton, those organizers of societies to oppose unjust legislation and to preserve the rights of the red men of today, be ever treasured among those already emblazoned on the tablets of enduring memory as true benefactors of the human race.

THROUGH
CHEROKEE LANDS.

I.

You are invited to take a journey with me to the Cherokee Nation, via St. Louis, and while our train is making the first part of our trip, we will, if you please, use that time in getting acquainted with the Cherokee Indians whom we are about to visit,—Who are they? Whence came they? How came they in the land where they now reside?

The Cherokees have been styled the "Mountaineers of Aboriginal America," but there were two branches, called the "Upper" and "Lower" Cherokees, their name having sole reference to the portion of country in which they lived.

Not long after America was discovered by

the white men, a navigator representing a monarch of the British Isles sailed along the coast opposite the lands which had been discovered centuries before by the Indian owners of the country. This navigator never set foot upon the shore at all; he simply looked upon the land and claimed it for Great Britain by right of discovery, and from that time on the troubles of the Cherokee Indians began. For it is a fact, that very long before any white man visited the shores of North America to the southward and among the mountains of Virginia, and in that territory called South and North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, there dwelt several tribes of Indians, having customs and laws of their own; they were little nations; and of these little nationalities, the Cherokees were accounted one. The Cherokees had held possession of the land so long that they could not tell when first found by the white men whether they owned the country by right of discovery or by conquest.

But in 1732 a monarch of several Isles on the eastern coast of the Atlantic Ocean, under the style and name of George II., King of Great Britain and Ireland, affected to grant a

great tract of country belonging to Indians between the 26th and 38th parallel of North Latitude, the object being, so records tell us, to provide a home for the poor of Great Britain and Ireland; it was proposed for this purpose to raise a fund, which should be expended in the conveyance of indigent emigrants to that part of America free of expense. The plan was countenanced by "humane and opulent men," and on June 9th, 1732, King George II. granted to these Britain and Ireland paupers the land of several sovereign Indian nations.

The lower Indians, who were lower in intellect than the upper Cherokees who dwelt among the mountains, insisted that the Cherokees originally came out of a hole in the ground, but as they found no hole in the territory that they then possessed, they thought it must have been located west of a big river which was the Mississippi. They had a tradition that they came over the river on a grapevine bridge.*

*Now, by way of parenthesis let me say, that a grapevine is a great institution in the Indian country. The children use them for swings; the In-

I used to think that the lower Cherokees' belief that they first sprung from a hole in the ground was very stupid on their part. But having been taught no other way, as Indians always do, they took Nature as a text book. They would go out in the morning, and looking on the ground, where there had been nothing visible the night before, would behold scores of little ant-hills from which thousands of little ants were swarming, and it was from them they obtained the idea that by some

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dian women use them for clothes lines; and they are often used as a bridge. Firstly, just think of an Indian girl walking over a wide stream on a grapevine, which had a diameter of less than four inches. And then secondly, just think of a white man attempting to walk over that same vine. I tried it once when a little Cherokee girl took me out walking. She went over as easy as you would walk up a city's widest and best sidewalk; but when I tried it, I, who went out there into the woods as a visitor from undoubted civilization,—well, if I must admit it, I will; the little barbarian just laughed, and I found it very mortifying for a male representative of civilization to be laughed at by an Indian young lady just because he could not walk over a grapevine bridge as quickly and gracefully and safely as she could.

such outpouring, their forefathers had been allowed by the Great Spirit to people the land.

But the upper Cherokees, those that in history have been styled the "Mountaineers of Aboriginal America," had a higher idea of their origin. It is in substance as follows:

*In the time Nu-ta-te-qua, or the first new moon of Autumn, U-ha-li-te-qua, the great-great, or the head of all power, great beyond expression, having also A-ta-no-ti and U-sqa-hu-la, two other beings of like sentiment and action, in the Great Council House above the gilt-edged clouds beyond the mountains, sat on three seats, which were covered with the purest white fur, and surrounded with trusty spirits. These three were the proprietors of all things that then were, for all that then was by them had been constructed. They were indeed the great-great, for when U-ha-li-te-qua, A-ta-no-ti and U-sqa-hu-la said "live," life came; when they said "die" death followed.

But at this time, they were discussing where to fix their permanent abode and they concluded to first finish their work of creation.

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*A Buttrick Antiquity.

The first firmament which they created was somewhat higher than a mountain, but it proved too narrow and too warm and not high enough to behold all their subjects. Then U-ha-li-te-qua, A-ta-no-ti and U-sqa-hu-la built a second firmament that also proved too small and warm, but as it proved more comfortable than the first, they decided to keep on building firmaments until they should find one just right. They did so, and in the seventh they decided to make their home. Then U-ha-li-te-qua, A-ta-no-ti and U-sqa-hu-la became absorbed into one being as they had been before in sentiment and action.

This being was called Ye-ho-wa.

The early Cherokees believed him to be both man and Spirit, a very glorious being, whose name was never to be spoken in common talk. To him bowing toward the East they addressed their prayers, just before the rising sun.

Within the first firmament, Ye-ho-wa created the earth and in it he made a beautiful garden. And it came to pass that Ye-ho-wa and his son—for the earliest Cherokees say he had a son—decided to people the earth, and the

time was Nu-ta-te-qua or Autumn, when the fruits were all ripe.

Then Ye-ho-wa sent his son to manage the affairs of earth, and he descended to the garden and made two images out of clay, and when he had completed them, his father, Ye-ho-wa, breathed into the bodies, a soul, heart and inwards, and one became a male and the other a female. The clay of which they were made was red; hence this man and woman were the progenitors of the red race.

It seems to have been a fact that the Indians gave what we may call a local color to their descriptions of their hells. I never understood why the Southern Indian always punished the souls of their wicked dead with fires of burning pitch, until I visited their old stamping grounds, the turpentine forests of the South. Nothing earthly is much hotter than burning pitch. I never understood why the mountain Cherokees so often had the accursed souls of their dead transfixed on sharp stakes, in dark and deep abysses, until I myself stood beside those deep mountain crevices and looked tremblingly over on the uplifting sharp spines of broken trees, which

were reaching up to pierce through any victim that might chance to fall into the gulf below.

I have wondered sometimes how it came to pass that the Indians have a tradition of a hell in which the victims are tormented by blades of sharpened steel. I have thought, but do not know, that this tradition is not older than the time when white men began to drive by the point of the bayonet the Indians from their homes that they loved so well and the graves of their fathers.

When first discovered by the white men, the Cherokees were a religious people, though they were not religious according to white men's lights, but were religious notwithstanding. They were not idolaters, for I have never found a proven statement that they worshipped idols. They had a story of the Genesis not unlike that of the white men's Bible. This, I think can be traced to the influence of the Spaniard, Cabeca. He taught the Southern Indians the story of the Genesis, and it was handed down by the story-tellers of various tribes.

Wassi was he who warned the Cherokees

of a coming flood; he was a prophet who foretold events. The enchanted mountain in Union County, Georgia, was the Ararat of the Cherokees. Santa Rosa Mountain was the Ararat of the Pimas, which was another tribe in the South. The eagle warned the Pimas' prophet of the approaching flood and advised him to prepare for it. The warning came three times, and suddenly, the winds arose and the rain descended in torrents; the thunder and lightning were terrific, and darkness covered the world. Everything on earth was destroyed, and all Pimas perished except one chief, "So Ho," a good and brave Indian, who was saved by special interposition of the Great Spirit. In his canoe, surrounded by his family and animals, he weathered the storm and, when the waters subsided, he found himself on the mountain of Santa Rosa. The Cherokee Noah escaped with various animals and in a canoe drawn by a bevy of very beautiful swans he at last landed on the enchanted mountain in Georgia.*

*The Choctaws were neighbors of the Cherokees and their tradition of the flood was as follows: "At a very remote period, there was a great deluge,

Gladly would we linger on the beautiful traditions of the Cherokees, but time forbids.

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which spread over the whole earth. It was preceded by a preternatural darkness, the people went to sleep at the commencement of this darkness as usual, and after sleeping the usual time they awoke and found it still dark. They awoke again and found it still dark. Again they slept, and awoke and darkness was on the face of the earth. This excited alarm. The darkness was so great, that neighbors could have no intercourse with each other except by torch light. After some time they discovered, as they thought, the dawning of the day in the east. This occasioned great joy, and they went from house to house to congratulate each other on the return of light. But they were soon undeceived; for what they had supposed to be light proved to be a great body of water, like the sea, which, coming with great velocity, swept away all before it. Some few, who were on more elevated situations succeeded in making rafts and getting upon them, but the beavers gnawed off the bark, by which the logs of the raft were tied together, and thus, after having their hopes raised by escaping the destruction which was all around them, they were plunged into the water and irretrievably lost. One raft, however, made of reeds, escaped the ravages of the beavers, and out-rode the storm, and all who were on it were saved; but the number is not known.

I have already spoken of the part an eagle took in the foretelling events, which calls to mind the first known political convention between the Cherokees and the English people.

It was in one of the mother towns in 1730, that the Cherokees made their first alliance with the English. It was brought about by one Alexander Cumming, who had traveled extensively among the Southern Indians. Just how he won over the Indians to his project is misty history, but on the day when the Cherokees swore allegiance to Great Britain, there was a mighty gathering of Cherokees in one of the mother towns, and at last they seated Sir Alexander Cumming on a stump that was well covered with fur, and then, with the same number of eagles' tails as there are stripes today on the American flag, they began to stroke Sir Alexander, and their singers sang about him from morning to night, when all the warriors of the Cherokees bowed on their knees and declared themselves to be dutiful subjects of King George, and called upon all that was terrible and that they might

become as no people, if they in any way violated their promise of obedience.

Now this marching, and this stroking Sir Alexander Cumming with those thirteen eagles' tails, I am convinced was the first appearance of the American eagle in politics in America, notwithstanding the historians say, that it was not in 1730, but in 1785, that the American eagle became our national emblem.

II.

With the turning of this leaf, a hundred and six years have passed away since the Cherokees made their first alliance with the English. Much has happened: England has now no part in American politics. The Cherokees have been visited by the missionaries. God has raised up from one of their number an earthly Saviour, Se-quo-yah. He had invented the most wonderful alphabet that this world has known. The Bible had been translated into it. The Cherokees had good homes, schools and churches. The work of missionaries had truly blest. By their state of civilization the Cherokees were styled a nation, and our good old friend, Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, whom I told you about last year, was one of their number. Gold had been found in Cherokee lands, and the tribe was in the way of the ever encroaching white men,—white

men, who from the first settlement of America, have seen no place for red-men, the rightful owners of the soil, but have willingly given homes to the often criminal emigrants of foreign lands. By laws passed the Indians were forbidden to dig for gold on their own land and then that terrible law was decreed by the white men that no Indian, or descendant of an Indian, residing within the Cherokee nation should be deemed a competent witness to any suit in any court where a white man was a defendant. This is only one specimen of the laws passed to throw the Indians into the greatest confusion in order that they might be more easily overcome, destroyed or forced from the land of their nativity.

Now I wish right here to sum up in six propositions, what might make an equal number of long chapters.

First; We have shown that the Cherokees were a happy people, who were living on the lands which seemingly had been deeded to them by Almighty God, and they were becoming civilized.

Second; Feeling the germs of civilization sprouting in their breasts, they paralyzed the

white men by deciding to organize a government of their own on a civilized plan.

Third; The white men who had appropriated the Indian lands made it a law, that no separate nation could be allowed to be formed within the boundaries of the State.

Fourth; The white men drew a state line around the budding Cherokee Nation.

Fifth; They forbid the Indians from digging gold on their own lands, thus making it of little value to them.

Sixth; Then they made that infamous law just quoted forbidding Indians from being witnesses or complainants in any court where a white man was a defendant, and then having made their land of little value to them; and having made their hope of home-government impossible and having made laws so cruel that they could not live under them, what next did the white men of a so-called christian civilization do? I will tell you what they did. They bribed some of the Cherokees to barter their country for gold, and the United States sanctioned the unlawful sale by the minority in spite of a most pathetic appeal of the ma-

jority.* They then in exchange gave to the

*The following is the text of this appeal, which, probably designedly, is left out of modern histories:

"By the stipulation of this instrument, (the treaty of New Echota [1836]), we are despoiled of our private possessions; we are stripped of every attribute of freedom and eligibility for legal defense. Our property may be plundered before our eyes. Violence may be committed upon our persons; even our lives may be taken away and there are none to regard our complaint. We are denationalized! We are disfranchised! We are deprived of membership with human family! We have neither land nor home nor resting place to call our own, and this is effected by the provisions of a compact, which assumes the venerated, the sacred appellation of "treaty." We are overwhelmed! Our hearts are sickened! Our utterance is paralyzed, when we reflect on the condition in which we are placed by unprincipled men, who have managed their stratagems with such dexterity as to impose on the Government of the United States, in the face of our earnest, solemn and re-iterated protestations. This instrument in question is not the act of our Nation. We are not parties to its covenants. It has not received the sanction of our people. The makers of it sustain no office or appointment in our Nation under the designation of chiefs, headsmen or any title by

Indians a tract of land which the Government supposed was worthless, and believed it was so far outside of creation that the Cherokee would be forever removed from the path of the white man. And right here I wish to say, that that dear Christian missionary, Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, whom I told you about one

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which they hold or could acquire authority to assume the reins of government, and to make, bargain and sale of our common country. We are indeed an afflicted people! Our spirits are subdued! Despair has well nigh seized our energies! But we speak to the representatives of a Christian country, the friends of justice, the patrons of the oppressed, and our prospects brighten as we indulge the thought that on your sentence our fate is suspended. Prosperity or desolation depends upon your word. To you therefore we look! Before your august assembly we present ourselves in the attributes of depreciation, and of entreaty. On your kindness, on your judgment, on your humanity, on your compassion, on your benevolence we rest our hopes. To you we address our reiterated prayers. Spare our people! Spare the wreck of our prosperity! Let not our deserted homes become the monuments of desolation. We suppress the agonies which wring our hearts, when we look at our wives, our children and our venerable sires. We restrain our forebodings of anguish

year ago, was with other missionaries thrown into prison where they were kept a long time because they rightfully stood by the Cherokees in their time of trouble.

Well, you say, "what next?" I will tell you what happened next. Having made the illegal trade they ordered the Indians to leave the homes they had builded and go to the far off and untried wilderness.* But many refused

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and distress, of misery and devastation and death which must be the attendance on the execution of this ruinous compact."

Such an appeal as that ought to have melted a heart of stone. But how was it met by the United States? On Nov. 3, 1836, the Secretary of the War Department answered these anxious Cherokees as follows:

"I am instructed by the President of the United States to say that no delegation that may be sent to Washington with a view of obtaining new terms, or a modification of the existing treaty, will be received or recognized, nor will any intercourse be held with them directly or indirectly or in writings."

*The author has before him a personal letter written from one connected with a missionary station in the old Cherokee county. Under date of June, 1838, he wrote: "That time specified in the fraudulent treaty for the removal of the Cherokees

to go, and then one spring morning in 1838 there came from all sides of the old Cherokee land except the westward the tramp, tramp, tramp of United States troops, and at the point of the bayonet sixteen thousand Chero-

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and the memorials from various parts of the United States presented to Congress have been disregarded, and the only future seems to be they must now be forced from their peaceful homes and firesides to a land where there is not a sufficient scope for such a company. Indeed were you here and did you know the true facts, you nor any other man who is not destitute of human feelings could refrain from weeping for the afflicted hosts. There is now a large military force in the country, commanded by Gen. Scott, for the purpose of collecting the Cherokees and transporting them to the west. Indeed they have already commenced this wicked act, while at the same time the principal chief of the Nation, and others with him, are at the seat of Government praying Congress to desist from such fraudulent measures, but I fear to no purpose, for some have already been taken from their houses, leaving all their property to the rule of their enemies, and thus like sheep to some place of embarkation. O, the awful guilt and stain on our American Government. The society of the Cherokees is far preferable to that of most of those who have come into this country to settle.

kee Indians were gathered into four great herds, like so many cattle. Then came the long and terrible march across the country and in the six months' time, four thousand of the forced emigration died of sickness caused by hardships and broken hearts.

Perhaps you remember about the Indian woman in that lowly cabin which I told you about one year ago?* I mean her, who in the rude sticks that held up the decaying timbers of her hut was so happy and content that she could compare them to the more stately pillars of a council house; I mean her whose life was devoted to caring for others poorer than herself; I mean her who was the great aunt of the little Cherokee maiden whose dreams gave to the Cherokee people their first sacred hymn. Well as I sat in her lowly cabin, just as I told you about last year, I asked her if she remembered that terrible march across the country. "Yes, oh yes," she said, "I was weel young then, but I often wondered on the way why my people never ceased to weep."

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*Story of the Cherokee Bible, page 40.

I think I hear some one say that the Christian Government of the United States would not use such means today to get the Indian lands. But here we must differ in opinion.

III.

Fifty years more pass and civilization reaches the land which in 1836 had been deeded to the Indians in exchange for the old Cherokee country. The white men wanted their land once more.

A few years ago when I was in the Cherokee Nation at a time when at Washington the orators were trying to convince the world that the Cherokees had no right to their western land, as a special favor the treasurer of the Cherokee Nation with the consent of the Chief opened the great safe in the Cherokee Council House. He took out a metallic tube, and having uncapped the same, he drew forth a parchment gaily trimmed with eagle feathers. It was the deed of their land as it was given by the United States Government. I read that deed. I saw the signature of the President of the United States and others in

authority. It was as strong a deed as it was possible for the United States to give, and then in their joy at having at what they supposed to be the best of the bargain, and perhaps to make the deed more pleasing to the Cherokees, they trimmed the parchment with eagles' feathers.

Many of us have read how the Cherokees sold to the United States the famous Cherokee strip. We have read the Government reports of the amicable trade with the Indians; even ministers of the Gospel have unwittingly thanked God in their pulpits that the question was settled in such a Christian manner. Was it?

How little the people in general know of the real meaning of many acts of Congress. It had turned out that the land deeded to the Indians was better than the white men thought when they traded it to the Cherokees prior to 1838. It turned out that it became an eyesore for the land-grabber, and the paid politicians. This territory had become very valuable to the Cherokees as they rented it to the white men for grazing purposes, and they received for rental the sum of over two hun-

dred thousand dollars yearly, and with that money the Cherokees maintained their government, two colleges and over a hundred schools, asking no help from the United States. In fact the Cherokees were at last a prosperous people. There was much to say in their favor, and about the only thing, in the land-grabbers' minds, that could be said against them was that they owned the land and had a deed of it.

Of course the Cherokees saw the value of the property that gave them an income that supported their Government and schools and a surplus that they divided per capita every two years. Why should they sell the Cherokee strip? Yet they sold it. The only way the members of Congress saw to get the land was to make it worthless, and this they did so far as the Indians were concerned. And it was done in this way; a bill was one day sprung upon Congress, accompanied with seductive speeches to the effect that no Indian should be permitted to rent his land for grazing purposes. Shame be it to our country! It became a law that no Indian could rent the land he owned for grazing, and

thus the land of many an Indian had for him no value. What next? The land-grabbing politician began to send delegations to treat with the Cherokees for the lands which were still valuable for the white men although they had been made so worthless to the Cherokee. These delegations endeavored to frighten the Indians by hinting that if they did not take the price offered, which was but a pittance of what these lands were worth to the white men, that the deed which the United States had executed might be found to be null and void, and that they consequently might lose their land and the offered money as well, and so, the Cherokees yielded. And this is how the land-grab was "amicably settled" by the Government of the United States.

My friends, a visitor to any fair city or land can see the good side, or the bad side, and so report; they can tell of our homes, our educational institutions and of our peaceful home life, or if they choose, they can report on slums, and people of low estate. I found that which was bad in the Indian Territory and I found much that was good. Which is the best way, when we speak of a people to

make the bad prominent, or speak of the good and true of a people's struggle to elevate rather than a tendency to degrade themselves. I believe it is far more important if we work for God and civilization to show what mission work has done for humanity rather than to show what it has not accomplished.

IV.

Having passed over the trail of death leading from the old Cherokee Nation to the new, we pass into the Indian Territory as it is today. Soon we are at the banks of a river, or where three rivers flow side by side in a single channel, the waters of the one muddy, the other blue, and the third red. The waters flow on side by side unmingled as far as the eye can reach. Two Indians take us over the ferry and we are indeed in the Indian country. We climb into a wagon of doubtful form, and by mule power* we will journey on.

*One day while riding behind a pair of what seemed to be particularly vicious mules, I noted the peculiar ball of hair at the extremity of their tails. Naturally I asked the why of it. "Mules will kick," said the Creek Indian driver, "until we teach them not to. We first tie a stone attached to a rope to their tails, and let them kick. They naturally look around to see what they have hit,

Beautiful indeed were the flowers on either side, and butterflies of gorgeous colors and in great numbers flitted in the glorious sunshine. A butterfly of unusually bright dress for some time flitted by our carriage. The Indian driver looked joyfully at it for a while and then asked me if I had ever heard the legend of the sun's daughter. I replied in the negative. "It is an old tradition among us," he said, "that in the beginning, a great number of beings were employed in constructing the sun, which planet was made first. It was the intention of the Great Spirit, that men should live always, but the sun having surveyed the land, and finding an insufficiency for their support, changed the design, and arranged that all men should die. The daughter of the sun was the first to suffer under the law, as

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and when they see the suspended stone they kick again; they of course hit the stone and again look back, and seeing it swing back and forth they continue to kick until they are sick of it. After that, we dress the mule's tail as you see, and that bunch of hair is a reminder to the mules as they look around, of their experience with the stone, and they never afterward kick so long as they are thus ornamented."

she was bitten by a serpent and died. Thereupon, the sun decreed that men should live always. He then commissioned a few persons to seek the spirit of his daughter, which had taken the form of a beautiful butterfly, and to return it encased in a box. The search for the spirit was a long one, but, at last, the searchers found it hovering over a cluster of Cherokee roses. They started in pursuit, but her spirit coyly led them a long race through fields, dells and rocky fastnesses, but they wearied her out at last, and shut her in the box. But in their voyage home one of the party desired to see her again, and peeped into the box. She quickly escaped and became invisible to them. Immortality fled, and since then it has been decreed that all men must die."

V.

A Sabbath morn has dawned upon a charming, flower-decked prairie. All is quiet, peaceful, restful. The sunrise is such as would thrill an artist's soul and give inspiration for his finest work—and later, had there been a tree to mark by its shadow the time, it would have been half-past the hour of nine. What is it that I see speeding toward us far off over the prairie? What is that over there? What is that to the east; to the north and south? What there? What here? What yonder? They are Indian ponies, surely, and can it be?—On the back of each Indian pony sits an Indian maiden; picturesque indeed! Note their wide rimmed hats covering jetty locks and the red cloaks floating gracefully from their shoulders, as with wondrous speed the ponies pace the prairie. How soon they all pass us with nod and smile. Whence go they

all? Yonder we see a Mission Church, placed there by the earnest work of Ladies' Missionary Societies in the states, the result of combined efforts of just such societies as is this to which I speak tonight. What blessed work is accomplished by such societies as yours, my friends. To yon Mission Church those Indian ponies bear their precious burdens; with quiet bound the maidens dismount, leaving their steeds to the care of gallant Indian boys. You can well guess they had come from their far off homes to attend the Sunday School.

When we speak of "God's Acre" we associate the term with a cemetery. Let me tell you about an Indian "God's Acre." Way out in that wild country was a fertile plot of ground, well tilled and bearing fruit and vegetables of various kinds; it was cared for as well as our gardens in the states. It was tilled and cared for by Indian men and women far better than they worked their gardens at home. They call this "God's Acre" for right here each year they held a religious meeting of several days' duration in the Autumn. The fruit and vegetables were to feed the multitude

who came, either out of curiosity or to worship. What a grand idea, my friends, to devote this land, and their labor, for the benefit of their people. How glad I was to find a so-called barbarian race making God's Acre a thing of life, even an avenue toward eternal life;—and yet it made me sad to think that God's Acre of the white men was so often only a graveyard. By this time, the Sunday School in the Mission Church must be over. We have had no prancing ponies to take us to the place of worship; if we had, we doubtless would have tumbled off, for we could hardly ride without saddle, and, these Indian maids sometimes do, without bridle. I saw one day an Indian woman riding to the public spring, and she carried a three year old child in her arms; when she reached the spring she bounded from the horse with the child in her arms; she kneeled down and drank as the horse quenched his thirst and then taking the great lusty boy in her arms, she sprang on the horse's back and rode away, perhaps as much annoyed at my apparent astonishment as I was at her surprising agility. Let us enter the mission church, for it is said that a

full-blood Cherokee preacher is to address the audience. Let us test, if you please, the effectiveness of Indian gesture. We have all read about it. Will we be able to even guess what this Cherokee Indian is to talk about in his native tongue? Yonder comes our Indian preacher; what a magnificent form; what a majestic tread. How devoutly he kneels and silently prays, and how musical his voice as he gives out the hymn. Do Cherokees sing? My friends, why do you not ask the same about the birds? The Cherokees are natural musicians. One evening I was invited down into a Cherokee parlor where there were twelve Indian youths and I, of course, was the thirteenth. A violin was on the table, which the first youth took up and played a tune, the next took it and played another, and the next and the next;—all drew the sweetest of music from that violin; it reached the tenth. The eleventh and the twelfth Indian played his tune and handed the violin to the thirteenth which was unlucky me, and I like the white woman of civilization had to decline because I had a cold. I tell you my friends, it is very mortifying to a civilized white man

to go west to see so-called barbarians, and find that they can do civilization often better than he can. That night when that violin was passed to me as I looked for some way of escape; I would have given a ten dollar bill to have been able to have played a single strain of New England's old fashioned dancing tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel."

I remember reading somewhere of a time when the first missionaries among the Cherokees were much frightened at the approach of a big and reputed fierce chief of the Cherokees with a party of his braves. They did not know what to do, but they prayed silently and sang loudly as best they could, a beautiful hymn. The chief and his braves finally sat in a semicircle and looked entranced and so the missionaries kept on singing until the old chief rose up and came forward and struck his hand on his breast and said "me heart sing too." A concert by Indian young ladies was given in my honor while I was at the Cherokee Capitol and it was a fine one I assure you. I found many pianos and organs in that far off land.

VI.

But I have wandered in my remarks far away from the mission chapel and our Indian preacher. I was speaking of his gestures. No matter in what position an Indian stands, he will make no mistake in his gesture when indicating the point of the compass. Many white orators make a gesture toward the west when speaking of the east, but an Indian makes no such mistake. If he points to the east he means the east, the rising sun, or something pertaining to the east. So I had in the beginning a clew to what this Cherokee had to say. As he pointed toward the east he shaded his eyes with his hand and so it was safe to guess, that what he saw to the eastward was light. Was it the light, fire, the golden sun, the hunter's moon, or, was it a silvery star? He could not mean fire, for as he spoke his eye and finger began to trace a

course from the horizon to the zenith. It could not be the sun that he meant, for had it been, he would have continued to shade his eyes with his hand. It was not the hunter's moon, for he crouched not his body in that stealthy attitude of the Indian hunter. Then he must mean a star, and, by the time I had guessed it, the Indian preacher had traced its orbit to a point directly overhead and there his finger stopped. I remembered only two Biblical stories in which any of the celestial orbs stood still. The first was where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, but I have already told you that the preacher had proved to me that that of which he spoke was a star. At what other time did the star stand still in the zenith except when it indicated to the wise men the place where the Christ Child lay.

I wish that you could have followed with me from that point the gesture of the Indian preacher. I wish you could have seen him stoop as if to enter the lowly manger; I wish you could have seen how tenderly he apparently lifted in his arms the Babe of Bethlehem; no word of mine can describe it to you.

He went further than the manger. For a while, I could not trace the clew to that of which he was speaking until suddenly he seemed to be telling of a youth. Some how, though I do not know just how, I caught the idea. Then he held his hand at the height of a boy twelve years of age. I afterwards learned that the Cherokees had no word to indicate "years old," and they expressed it by this peculiar gesture indicating height. Christ was about twelve years old when he went with his parents to Jerusalem and staid to talk with the wise men after his parents started on their homeward march. I have seen many fine actors on the stage, but never yet have I seen one that could be more dramatic than was this Indian preacher when he depicted the mother's terror and consternation on missing her child. Here gesture found expression and voice took important part. When she returned the voice seemed to recede into the distance, to again burst into entreaty, as she pleaded with him to return. As I have said, I knew not a word of Cherokee, but I alone discovered his theme and followed it to the end simply by gesture and facial expression and the modulation of his voice.

My time is nearly up, and yet there is so much to say. When I am talking about my favorite Indians, I want to go on and on forever, no matter how weary my audience becomes. But I must say a word about their schools. I visited their two colleges and some of their common schools. I saw Indians proficient in mathematics, Latin and even Greek. Alas for my pride as a citizen of cultured Ithaca, for one evening one of the learned Indians of the Cherokee Nation came to my room at the Cherokee Hotel, and a dozen or more times he quoted with excellent pronunciation in both Latin and Greek, and I had not the least idea what he was talking about until I returned home and found those quotations in the back part of Webster's Dictionary. After all, Schools in the Cherokee Nation are not unlike those in New York. Even they have college scrapes, but they are more sensible than some we know about in the east. I have been requested to tell one of these Indian College pranks, but it may not be new to you all, for I wrote it for Frank Leslie's Magazine some years ago, and it has several times been reproduced.

VII.

You see, old Blindy was an ox that for years was kept around the Seminary buildings for working purposes until he became stone blind, and the managers thought he had outlived his usefulness, and decreed that he must die to furnish food for the boys' table. When this decree was made the young Cherokees at once called a Council and were unanimous, that not a morsel of old Blindy's flesh should pass their lips, and then they interceded for old Blindy's life. But of no avail. So before the time set apart for the execution, the boys by stealth led the ox up the hill. Being blind, he was easily made to follow them up the steep ascent, and at last he was safe on the very top. There in the thicket they concealed and tied him to a sapling, and at once decked him with bark, beads and flowers, and painted his horns with many

colors. There they fed him until the managers found where old Blindy was and how he got there, and the boys were ordered to take him back again. This they did, escorting him down to the seminary door in solemn procession. When there, they tied the rope which was around old Blindy's neck to the bell pull, and by the shaking of his head, he summoned to the door his would-be executioner. Again the boys interceded for old Blindy's life, and when the managers saw their earnest desire and looked on old Blindy in his gay trimmings the request was granted, and old Blindy was permitted to await the approach of a natural death, which came some years after.

There are 999 things more which I might tell you about, such as my reception in the Cherokee Council House, where the Chief in due form bade me welcome, and a member of his Council went home and donned in my honor a swallow tailed dress coat which was ornamented with enormous brass buttons. I went bravely through the informal introduction to twenty or more Cherokee Senators, and fifty or more Cherokee Assemblymen, but when this was over and a score of Cherokee

young ladies, some of them dressed quite fashionably in silks, were presented to me I just wilted. I tell you my friends it is very surprising and embarrassing to a bashful young man from civilization where it is generally supposed that Indians are simply barbarians, to be suddenly confronted by silk dressed Indian belles, some of whom were as graceful as if they had graduated from a metropolitan dancing academy. Some one has asked me to speak of their social life. I attended what I call a high tea in the Cherokee Nation. I went at the special request of a Cherokee maiden. She promised to do all the cooking and I assure you the supper was fine. I wish some of our white girls could cook as well. It was a formal affair and gotten up after the native customs. When a Cherokee Indian starts in life, he begins according to his means. He builds first a hut of one room. If he improves financially, he adds another and so on seldom uniting the rooms. So, when you are in the parlor you must go out of doors to get into the dining or sleeping rooms. When I reached the cabin at the appointed time, no one was

visible except the old Indian who was chopping wood. He said "howdy" and pointed to the empty reception room, which we entered, while he kept on chopping wood. A half hour after, the old lady looked into the room and said "howdy," and left at once. About half an hour after, our fair Indian hostess came and showed us to the dining room; we went out of doors to get there. Myself and friend sat at the table, which was up to our chins; the old man continued to chop wood outside; the old woman sat in the corner of the room on a very low stool; the fair Indian girl stood directly behind us, and the feast went merrily on. When our menu was finished, myself and friend went back to the parlor; and the old man left his wood pile, the old woman her stool and with the girl they all sat down and continued the feast where we left off, and we waited for them to get through. This was their way of showing honor to guests. The evening was pleasantly passed by us all together around a roaring fire which was kept burning in a big fire place. All were social except the old Indian, he was painfully embarrassed; when-

ever he spoke during the evening, he at once left the room and went to the wood pile and brought in a small log of wood. After the big fire place was full, he stacked it up on one side of the cabin until before I left at ten o'clock he had it piled about five feet high. Each log of wood represented a remark by the Indian.

Perhaps you would not think it, but I once stood on a gallows,—a gallows on which twelve bad Indians had been executed. I can assure you it is a peculiar sensation one has, while standing on the gallows on which twelve Indians have been hung, and have the hangman of six of them close beside you. I just mention these facts because the papers of late have been full about an Indian, who was to be shot,* that was given his liberty until the time of execution and he came back on time. I have heard people doubt this story, but I do not. The Cherokee hangman told me several instances of this kind, and if the condemned gets a little late by saying good-

*The Cherokees execute their murderers by hanging, the Choctaws shoot whom they condemn to death.

bye at home the preparations for the hanging go merrily on. He is sure to be there. The hangman told me he never had known an Indian, who was sentenced to death and was allowed to go home to see his people, that failed to return at the appointed time, and he never saw evidence of fear on the gallows.

VIII.

*"Howdy!"

The speaker was an Indian, whom I one day met as I was travelling upon the half-road and half-trail that marked one of the lonesome prairies of the Cherokee nation.

The Indian wore a semi-civilized dress, the barbaric epoch being represented by the buckskin trousers, with fringed stripes of fine-cut hide to ornament each leg. In marked contrast with the buckskin breeches was his white vest,—or the one which might have been white when he started upon his journey over the dusty prairie trail.

His coat was before him on the saddle;

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*This chapter is taken from the "Green Bag," a law magazine published in Boston, the subject matter being the author's notes on Cherokee laws and courts which he made while in the Cherokee Nation.

beneath his white vest he wore a red shirt; a black tie coiled beneath the overlapping shirt-collar, and was fastened in a sailor-knot in front.

Simultaneously with his exclamation of "Howdy!" he emphatically drew his bridle, and his little Cherokee pony stopped short; and bringing mine to a standstill, we began to size each other up as strangers do when they meet alone on the prairie.

"You are a friend of the Cherokees," he said; "you wrote the life of our greatest man."

His remark was at the same time an affirmation and interrogation. He noticed my look of admission and surprise, and said, "I heard that you were over there,"—pointing toward Tahlequah, the Cherokee capital. "But few people come to this nation unless we know who they are, and what they are here for. It is well that it is so, if they are white men."

Glancing at his well-filled haversack, which hung at his pony's side, I noticed several leather-covered books protruding from its open top. Desiring to show penetrative faculties equal to the Indian's, I said, both interrogatively and affirmatively, "Colporteur?"

Whether he knew what I meant or not, I do not know; but he appeared pleased that I had noticed his books. He laughed, and in a good-natured way, tapping his haversack with his finger, he said,—

"Heap law there!"

"Then you are a lawyer," I said.

I had been previously informed concerning these travelling Indian lawyers, and was not surprised to receive his profound bow of assent.

Rev. A. N. Chamberlain, a lifelong resident, teacher, missionary, also interpreter in the Cherokee country, had said to me, "I presume that there is no people anywhere better informed than the non-English speaking Cherokees are in regard to their laws, and their treaties with the United States."

I had here an English-speaking Cherokee armed and equipped with his law library, and I resolved to interview him.

The mid-day sun was scorching the prairie, and there was no convenient shade-tree; but it was only the work of an instant for the Indian lawyer to unroll his blanket, in which were four sticks, some over three feet long.

Having dismounted, he stuck these sticks in the ground, and threw the blanket over them; and into the shade of this hastily improvised sun-umbrella, or wickeyup, he invited me, and at my request, while the incense of pure "havanas," which I furnished, was wafted upward, he displayed his law library,—the code of the Cherokee nation.

An ancient-looking book, printed in English, was a compilation of the laws which were adopted by the Cherokee Council at various periods previous to 1852. It surprised me, and may be surprising to others to know, that the compilation occupied nearly two hundred and fifty pages; and many of the laws were passed by their Council before the Cherokees took their long, sad journey from Georgia to the land which they now occupy. The first of the compiled laws was one dated 1808, concerning horse-stealing,—the convicted thief to be punished with one hundred lashes on the bare back.

"The Cherokee tradition concerning the reception of their first law is not unlike that of your own people," said the lawyer.

"Some time after the red man entered the

wilderness, they came to a very high mountain, and their God came down upon the mountain, and their leader went up and conversed with God,—or, rather, as their fathers said, with the son of God. They supposed, therefore, that God had a son, as it was said to be the son of God that came down on the mountain; and the top of the mountain was bright like the sun. There God gave the leader a law, written on a smooth stone. The reason of this being written on stone was as follows:—

"God gave our first parents a law to be handed down to posterity; but when the language was destroyed, and men began to quarrel and kill each other, they forgot this law; and therefore God wrote his law on stone, that it might not be lost. Their leader also received other instructions from God, which he wrote in a book made of skins."

And so it happened that a long time before the Cherokees reached the country which they now occupy, they had a full code of laws.

They had striven to imitate the whites in the management of their affairs, and their Councils were well conducted. In 1810 the

Council abolished clans, and unanimously passed an act of oblivion for all lives for which they had been indebted one to another. In 1820 the nation was reorganized, and, by a resolve of its National Council, divided into eight districts, each of which had the privilege of sending four members to their legislature. Some of their principal laws and regulations: A prohibition of spirituous liquor to be brought into the nation by white men. If a white man took a Cherokee wife, he must marry her according to their laws; but her property was not affected by such union. No man was allowed but one wife. A judge, sheriff, and two deputies were allowed each district. Embezzlement, intercepting and opening sealed letters, were punished by a fine of a hundred dollars, and one hundred lashes on the bare back. They had a statute of limitations, which, however, did not affect notes. A will was valid if found, on the decease of its maker, to have been written by him, and witnessed by two creditable persons. A man leaving no will, all his children shared equal, and his wife as one of them; if he left no children, then the widow had a fourth part of

all the property, the other three-fourths going to his nearest relatives. Even before the division of the nation into districts, and the appointment of a judge, marshal, sheriffs, and deputies, there was an organized company of light horse, which executed the orders of the chief, searched out offenders, and brought them to justice. It was a fundamental law of the Cherokees that no land should be sold to the white people without the authority of a majority of the nation. Transgressors of this law were punished with death.

The Cherokee lawyer now replaced the old law-book—which, by the way, was printed wholly in English—carefully in his haversack, and took out two more volumes. They were handsomely printed, bound in leather, and one was printed in English, the other in the Cherokee language, and in the alphabet that Sequo-yah, one of the learned members of their tribe, had given them over half a century ago.

"These are our latest compilations," said the Indian lawyer, with a proud manner, opening the covers of the book and turning over the pages.

"In spite of what the whites say about us,

you can see that we are far from being a lawless people, and possibly we can give the white men a point or two on the enforcement of law ourselves." By Cherokee law, every killing of a human being, without the authority of law, by stabbing, shooting, poisoning, or other means, is either murder or manslaughter, in the first, second, or third degree, according to the intention of the person perpetrating the act, and the facts and circumstances connected with each act. If the killing is done intentionally or with premeditated design, the convicted person must suffer death by hanging; if done without design to effect death, or by culpable negligence, the term of imprisonment is not less than two years. Abortionists are imprisoned for not less than two or more than ten years; seconds and medical advisers in prize-fights, where death occurs, are deemed guilty of manslaughter. Rape is punished by imprisonment from ten to twenty-five years, and the ravishment of female children is punished by hanging. From five to fifteen years is the imprisonment for arson; and if death results from the fire, death is the prospective fate of the one convicted.

"Marriage and divorce are now subject to law with as much strictness as in the States. No marriage can be contracted while either of the parties has a husband or wife living, or between persons of a kin nearer than first cousins; and a heavy penalty is inflicted on any who join minors in marriage without the consent of their parents. Divorces are regulated by law, and are adjudged for adultery, imprisonment for three years, for wilful desertion or neglect for one year, for extreme cruelty or habitual drunkenness. The Cherokees as a people have always favored temperance, and have an effective prohibitory law on the statutes. The United States law lays a penalty on any white man or Indian who brings liquor across the line of the Territory, for any purpose whatever. The Cherokee laws lay a penalty upon the sale of any liquor after it is brought into the country.

"So," said the lawyer, "you see that the Cherokees are a law-abiding people; and their laws must certainly be looked upon with interest and respect by all civilized nations of the world."

"How about the enforcement of law?" I queried.

"The judiciary system is divided into Supreme, Circuit, and District Courts. The Supreme Court consists of three judges, one of whom is selected by a joint vote of the National Council as Chief-Justice.

"The power of the Supreme Court is about the same as the power of a similar body in the States,—the decision made has the force of law. The judges have and exercise exclusive criminal jurisdiction in all cases of manslaughter, and in all cases involving punishment of death; this court also has exclusive jurisdiction of all cases instituted to contest an election held by the people, and brought before it as provided by law; they have power to award judgments, order decrees, and to issue such writs and processes as they may find necessary to carry into full effect the power vested in them by law. There are three judicial circuits,—the Northern, Middle, and Southern; and one judge is elected for each circuit. The circuit courts have jurisdiction in all criminal cases, except those of manslaughter, and cases involving directly or indirectly a sum exceeding one hundred dollars, and all civil suits in which the title to

real estate or the right to the occupancy of any portion of the common domain shall be at issue, exceeding one hundred dollars. There is also a district court for each district, for trying of all criminal cases, whether felonies or misdemeanors, involving the sum of one hundred dollars or less."

"Then you have a jury system?" I said.

"Yes; but no man is allowed as a juror who is under twenty-one years of age, nor any person who may be under punishment for misdemeanor; and no member of the legislative or any commissioned officer of the nation, officiating clergyman, physician, lawyer, public ferryman, school-teacher, or one older than sixty-five years, is compelled to serve as juror or as guard. Five persons constitute a jury in the trial of all civil suits, any three of whom may render a verdict. In case of murder, twelve jurymen are required; but in all other cases the jury consists of nine persons; and no verdict is rendered in any criminal case without the consent of the whole jury. The grand jurors are selected with especial care from the best and most intellectual men in the nation. The term of service is for one year

unless discharged. Five men are summoned from each district for this purpose.

"I am on my way to court now," said the lawyer; "will you go with me?" And consenting, I rode back with him to the court house.

The case on trial was something like this :—

A white man had married a Cherokee woman, and therefore was the possessor of a farm; and for a period of three days had employed, without permit of the court, a white boy. The warrant set forth that "thereby the peace and dignity of the Cherokee nation had been damaged to the extent of seventy-five dollars."

No citizen of the United States is permitted to labor in the Cherokee nation without a permit, which is issued by the district clerk, and which shows the name of the employer and employee, the length of time to be employed, and the occupation to be followed. For such permit the employer pays in advance one dollar per month to the clerk; but no permit is given for a longer time than a year. The person "permitted" is obliged to subscribe to the following oath, to wit :—

"I do solemnly swear [or affirm] that I am a citizen of the United States [or a foreigner]; that it is not on account of any criminal offence against the laws of the same that I have come to seek employment in this nation; that within ten (10) days after the expiration of my permit, unless the same shall be renewed, I will remove without the limits of this nation."

It was for the violation of the permit law that the employer was under arrest. At an early hour Cherokees of all grades had assembled in the vicinity of the court-house. The sheriff soon came to the door, and summoned his jury. Looking over the crowd, with stentorian voice he shouted,—

"Ho-ho-o-o-o-o, Hog Catcher! Ho-ho-o-o-o-o, Six Killer! Ho-ho-o-o-o-o you, Coming Deer! Ho-ho-o-o-o-o you, Walking Stick! Ho-ho-o-o-o-o you, Kingfisher! Ho-ho-o-o-o-o you, Muskrat!" and his jury was complete.

I am not absolutely sure that I have recorded the names of this particular jury correctly; some of these names were summoned, and the other names are frequently met with, and their owners find their way from time to time into the jury seats.

This assemblage was by far the most novel of any that I saw in the nation. Men, women, and children sat around the stove, or gathered in little groups about the oak-grove that surrounded the court-house. Most all were smoking, and all were in their every-day dress. The jurymen, six in number, had gathered behind the rail that separated the jury seats, counsel seats, and judge's table from the gaping crowd outside.

The gate leading behind the rail was closed as the jurymen took their seats; but while the court was in session, any one wishing to speak to the lawyers and judge usually straddled over the rail in preference to opening the gate. The jurymen could all speak English save one; an interpreter was sworn in for his benefit, and all the evidence was given twice, —first in English, and then in Cherokee. As the case proceeded, and the evidence grew more complicated, the jury dropped into apparently deep meditation. Finally one drew out a long pipe, filled it with tobacco, and commenced to smoke. Another and another of the jurymen followed with a pipe. The interested audience outside the bars also lit

their pipes, and at length the judge, five of the jurymen, and nearly the whole audience were smoking.

To show the inconsistency of their etiquette, I mention that while all were thus smoking, in order to protect myself from a draught of air, as I sat by a window, I put on my travelling-cap. Had I been in a more dignified court in the States, I should not have done so; but in this assemblage blue with the smoke of tobacco, I forgot myself, and in a few minutes was brought to grief by being touched lightly on the shoulder by one in authority, who also had a pipe in his mouth, who said,—

"Your pardon, sir; but it is not customary in our nation to wear one's hat in the presence of the judge."

Notwithstanding this reproof, I listened to the arguments of the lawyers with pleasure. They were well posted in regard to their laws, and handled their respective sides with shrewdness. The Cherokee lawyers displayed a marked logical penetration into the meaning and intent of the laws, and a weak place in a witness's testimony was quickly detected; and he was most unmercifully handled when the lawyer summed up the case.

IX.

One beautiful morning some years ago, behold a grand procession moving down the main street of the Cherokee capital. First two big dogs,—of which figuratively speaking the Cherokee nation has thousands,—led the way, just as soberly as would two city policemen on a like occasion. Next was an Indian pony on which sat a half-breed Indian dressed in cowboy's hat, which had an ornament of a feather pulled from a rooster's tail. He wore also a brown jacket, and trousers of same color and had a big six shooter protruding from a cartridge belt. Next came two vicious, stately, long eared mules, followed by a wagon of doubtful build, the dasher of which had long since been ruined by the viciousness of mulish heels, and in this wagon and behind these mules in pomp and state sat the Cherokee Chief and he who speaks to you this

evening. All the people seemed to be on the streets drawn up in line. Down by the Cherokee hotels, the stores and the great Council House we went out into the beautiful suburbs to a trail down which years ago, moved a far more famous expedition than was our own, for it was on this other bright morning in 1840, that there passed down this trail one of the most peculiar expeditions in search of knowledge that this world has ever known. First and foremost in that company was that Indian Se-quo-yah, who had invented the alphabet that had so helped in enlightening and christianizing his people.* He had conceived a new idea, that of forming an alphabet by which all Indians could speak and read a common language and thus better

*The author has a personal letter from Rev. A. N. Chamberlin, life-long missionary and official interpreter for the Cherokee Nation in which he writes :—

"As to the amount of good Se-quo-yah's alphabet has done our people it is beyond estimation. At least ten thousand people read today who could not were it not for Se-quo-yah's alphabet. Untold thousands since 1827 have been led through it to Jesus.

work together for the upbuilding of the Indian race. To do this he thought to study the language of all western tribes and hence it was that in 1840 he started as I have said on the most wonderful expedition for the search of knowledge that this world has ever known. He started with a Cherokee boy, two oxen and a rude Indian cart. Two years did that wonderful knowledge crusade move from tribe to tribe,—but, alas Se-quo-yah died with his task unfinished—before the culmination of his grand conception—a conception so great, that no human being though a white man, ever conceived the like before—that of forming a more wonderful alphabet, one that would enable all Indian tribes of North America to read and speak the common language, that would enable them to unite in forming a grand confederacy for the purpose of defense, for the mutual preservation from the encroachments of the white men and their lasting perpetuation in the land deeded to the Indians by Almighty God.

On my return to the Council House I was taken into the room devoted to the use of the Board of Education, and I noted a marble

bust over the president's seat, and says I, what white man is this that the Cherokees thus honor in marble. And then one Cherokee with face glowing with enthusiasm such as only National pride can give said: "This is no white man, this is Se-quo-yah, the Cherokee, a pale face preserved in marble the memory of the Father of his Country—the Cherokee in the same way honors the Father of Learning to his people and that bust is a token of gratitude, which was carved at the order of the Cherokee Council. Down in the Senate room of the Cherokee Capitol, the Cherokee Senate did me a special honor, they passed a resolution of thanks for the book I had written, which was signed by the principal Chief and others in authority, thanks as the document read for my interest in showing to the world that there could be something good and even great in the American Indian. This document was sealed with the seal of the Nation and it is said was the first document of the kind ever given by the red race to a white man.

X.

My journey was a mixture of rain, sunshine and tornadoes. "What a charming morning!" I exclaimed to my Creek host, the proprietor of a log cabin near Okmulgee, where I had been to see the handsome Council-house of the Creeks, which was fully fifty miles from the chief's home. "What a contrast it was to the raging elements of a few hours ago!" I continued, thinking of the storm of the evening previous, when the scattering clouds rolled themselves into a darker ball, and by thus coming into closer contact had fretted themselves into fury, and then tore across the country in pitiless force. Although I did not know it then, that storm, as raged in the northward, had twisted down huge trees, plowed wide furrows in thick forests, and had sent the debris of scores of frail homes of a Western village flying

through the air as easily as thistledown is carried on the September breeze. But the morning was indeed charming, and yet the storm had in no way cooled the air. A slight haze now hung over the forest, which fringed a stream far over the prairie. The diamond drops sparkled in the bosom of many variegated and gaudy flowers. Even while I looked, the haze suddenly lifted from the far-off trees; the darker clouds turned first yellow, and then red, the colors finally fading until they melted away, leaving the sky an azure blue.

"It will be some time before there will be another storm," I remarked to my Creek host, who had by this time put on his wide-rimmed white hat, having on it a band of down, ornamented with three long feathers of a rooster's tail.

"May rain a heap more soon; no tell; pretty much may; heap hot—look out," replied my host.

The Creek's surmises were right, for, as late that afternoon I rode across the prairie to a small station to board a train for a little village further down on the Missouri Pacific, I saw once more clouds gathering in the West.

Before the train arrived they had rolled themselves up into a mountain-heap of blackness. Once the setting sun lit up the cloud-bank, and it resembled a spacious castle made of jasper and precious stones.

"Another shower to the eastward—look out!" said a fellow loiterer at the station, as he noted the lightning playing on a similar cloud-bank in that direction. Before I stepped into the train I noticed that the cloud in the west had started as if in chase after the one in the east. Then the lightning began to be so sharp and vivid that the whole prairie for miles in every direction was a blaze of electric light, and each tree, shrub, leaf, flower and spear of grass was covered with the glow of silver. The lightning came in sheets at first, but soon a shower of flame began falling from the heavens. It was not a storm where now and then streaks of zigzag, forked lightning appeared to unite earth and heaven, but it was more as if the million raindrops had been converted into streams of liquid fire, for soon the whole space between earth and heaven was ablaze with celestial rockets. Nearer and nearer, faster and faster, like the feet of a

million race horses, came down upon us this battery of electric fire; the roar of the thunder was tremendous, causing the train to tremble as it rushed along the prairie. Suddenly there was a flash so blinding that it seemed as if all the streams of falling fire had blended into one. The deafening cannonade that followed was as if the earth was rent in twain. The storm then struck the cars. Every lamp went out, and a billow of water, like that of a tempestuous sea, rolled over us. It found its way through cracks and crevices of the cars, and came in large quantities down from the ventilators overhead. For a few moments we were in a darkness that could be felt, and the cars swayed to and fro like a boat on the boiling ocean. That was the heaviest part of the storm. In a few moments it had rolled to the eastward, and in a few minutes more the moon came out and painted the clouds with a silvery hue, and the great chariot of fire rolled away in the far distance.

XI.

When the war of the rebellion broke out, the Cherokees were compelled to fight the white man's battles, and again was the population quartered by death. Terrible is the story of the Cherokees' fate in the Civil War. I have listened to this tale of woe from the lips of many a Cherokee man, and gray headed Indian women have told me of the suffering then, and, as they spoke, their eyes filled with tears while they for a few moments recalled those agonizing hours. I have already told you how in their first terrible march from Georgia and Tennessee in 1838, they suffered from excessive heat, but in their flight for safety in 1862 they suffered from most bitter cold. Their horses, their beds and bedding and wearing apparel were taken away. In the battle and the pursuit which was long and fierce and bloody, horses and

Indians froze to death. The Confederates on every hand murdered and robbed the loyal Cherokees. And the Cherokees abandoned every thing and fled to the mountains where they remained during the winter, exposed in their destitute condition to all the inclemencies of the season. The Cherokees first fought on the side of the South, being told by the Southern Emissaries that the South was the successor of the United States, but they soon learned their mistake.

Those disloyal Indians under the influence of the Southern Emissaries were organized into "Blue Lodges" and "Knights of the Golden Circle," while the loyal masses by a spontaneous movement, organized themselves into a loyal league known as the "Ketoowah" society. The "Ketoowah" societies had for a primary object to resist encroachments on native rights, and to preserve according to an early treaty the integrity and peace of the Cherokee Nation, but it finally united in working for the abolishment of slavery, and by its means a large majority of the Cherokees became at length firmly grounded in their fidelity to the United States Government. And when

one day the Confederate forces in revenge swept through the Cherokee Nation and left the stars and bars, the flag of secession, floating from a staff near the Cherokee capitol, a Cherokee woman, true to the Union, tore it down and ran up the Star Spangled banner, which never came down again.

For many years the Cherokees were slaveholders and there were many slaves in the Cherokee Nation. When the war was over and the remnant of the Cherokee people returned to their devastated homes, the Cherokee slaveholders were the first to free their slaves, and it was done by an act of the Cherokee Council before any Southern state obeyed the emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln.*

*On the 21st of August, 1861, the Cherokees, finding themselves at the mercy of the Confederate forces and practically left to their fate by the Federal Government, met in convention at Tahlequah and resolved to make a treaty of peace with the Confederate authorities; but on February 18, 1863, finding themselves no longer constrained by superior force, a national council was held at Cowskin Prairie, where the treaty was denounced as null and void, any office held by a disloyal Chero-

But how sad was the return of the Cherokees. Their public buildings had been devastated, their little libraries were destroyed, their well preserved archives and much of their written history were forever lost. Even the sacred silver pipe given to the Cherokees

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kee was declared vacant, and, more remarkable still, an act was passed abolishing slavery in the Cherokee Nation. Through the kindness of the chief, I have been permitted to copy an act from the records:

AN ACT EMANCIPATING THE SLAVE IN THE CHEROKEE NATION.

Be it enacted by the National Council: That all negro and other slaves within the lands of the Cherokee Nation be and they are hereby emancipated from slavery, and any person or persons who may have been held in slavery *are hereby declared to be forever free.*

Be it further enacted, That this act shall go into effect on the twenty-fifth (25th) day of June, 1863. And any person who, after the said 25th day of June, 1863, shall offend against the provisions of this act, by enslaving or holding any person in slavery within the limits of the Cherokee Nation, he or she so offending shall, on conviction thereof before any of the Courts of this nation having jurisdiction of the case, forfeit and pay for each offense a sum not less than one thousand ($1000) dollars, or more than five thousand ($5000) dollars, at the discretion of the Court.

Two-thirds of said fine shall be paid in the National Treasury, and one-third shall be paid, in

by George Washington was stolen. Schools and churches were broken up, and, said Chief Ross, "there was not a footprint of cattle or swine in any part of the Cherokee Nation." For during the conflict the Cherokees were robbed by their enemies of one-fourth of all they had and their reputed friends did not hesitate to take all the rest.

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equal sums, to the Solicitor and the sheriff of the District in which the offense shall have been committed. And it is hereby made the duty of the Solicitors of the several Districts to see that this law is duly enforced. But in case any Solicitor shall neglect or fail to discharge his duties herein, and shall be convicted thereof, he shall be deposed from his office, and shall hereafter be ineligible to hold any office of trust or honor in this nation.

The Acting Principal Chief is hereby required to give due notice of this act.

Be it further enacted, That all laws and parts of laws conflicting with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

COWSKIN PRAIRIE, C. N.
Feb. 21st, 1863.

LEWIS DOWNING,
Pres. pro tem.
School Com.

J. B. JONES,
Clerk National Com.
Concurred in Council.

SPRING FROG,
Speaker of Council.

Approved Feb. 21st, 1863.

THOS. PEGG,
Acting Principal Chief.

XII.

Are Indians human beings? They are intensely so. They have a love of home, as much as have we who call ourselves civilized; they love their kindred just as we love ours. From earliest history they have most tenderly cared for their orphan children. When their wigwam villages were first visited by the white men, in the very center of their camp could always be found a principal wigwam in which the old dames of the Cherokee people tenderly cared for the little orphans. The Cherokees have no wigwams today, but cabins and some elegant residences. Their orphan children are no longer cared for in a center wigwam, but they have an elegant orphan asylum, where the fatherless of the Cherokees get a liberal education. They have a fine insane asylum, a prison, and a council house that cost them at least $22,000. There are

Masonic Lodges in the Cherokee lands, and I was informed that the Cherokees made excellent members.

As the multiplicity of scenes of Indian travel pass before me in panoramic array there are some reminiscent only in name for their memory is constant—a haunt if you choose so to call it. I see them in the morning sunshine, I see them as the sun shines at the zenith, or in the golden twilight hour, or in my dreams in the blackness of the night. I see so often those lonely graves on the prairies, where some white man or white woman seeking homes in the far West had buried by the wayside, some father, mother, husband, wife or child, and gone on leaving these graves—but not without anguish, to the care only of the great black winged vultures, which seemed to me too often to be the only official sextons in that western wilderness.

But friends, there were four thousand of these lonely graves made by the wayside, or by pathless trails, just sixty years ago, due to white men's injustice to the Indians. And the survivors, being human, mourned their dead with as keen an anguish as if they too

were white men. The lonely graves in the wilderness! I came across one miles away from human habitations,—new it was—it had been hollowed out only by some near friend, who had erected upon it a cross of rude sticks and twined about it a wreath of prairie grass, and then gone on leaving this mound behind him. *Last year, my friends, I took you to the grave of Samuel A. Worcester and pointed out the tree that had grown from his grave, and which had taken unto itself all that was mortal of that good old missionary. I pointed out a tree that had taken the form of a hand, the index finger of which seemed to be pointing heavenward. But, ladies, I was not unmindful that there were other lonely graves in the wilderness,—graves not of men, but of women, brave, true-hearted women, who years ago had homes in the East, beautiful and as full of comforts as our own homes are today. They were surrounded by kindred and friends, but yet they left these homes, kindred and all, and went into the pathless wilderness to carry the Gospel to the redmen: and faithfully they

*See Cherokee Bible page 32.

labored; cheerfully they bore deprivations; and finally died in the wilderness, but with the blessed assurance that their labor had been abundantly blessed. My friends, when we feel it a hardship to drop a penny or a nickel into the contribution box to aid the missionaries, let us stop and rest a minute; yes, two minutes if it is necessary, and think of these lonely graves and what the life record of those who lie buried there mean to us and to civilization. I was glad to see that those graves of noble Christian missionaries though uncared for by human hand, yet were cared for by the hand of Nature. Some little birds perhaps or some autumnal zephyr had scattered the seeds of the wild white star flowers that there were blooming. I was so glad to see the white star flower blooming there for it seemed so synonymous of the pure lives of those that had been there laid to rest. Yes, I was glad that they were the white star flowers —for it has been said the stars of heaven are as the flowers of earth,—but it seemed to me that those flowers of earth, those faithful missionary women, had become as it were the Brightest Stars of Heaven.